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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Persecution Complex

Nobody in the world, with the possible exception of the propaganda-drenched Russian masses, will believe that the Soviet Union is afraid of little Finland, or that the Finns are now trying to pick a quarrel. The foul language used by Pravda in attacking the President of a neighboring state, immediately followed by an "incident" that bears all the marks of fabrication to rouse the war spirit in Russia, is the typical maneuver of an intending aggressor. Its purpose is either to prepare the Russian masses for an invasion of Finland, or else to make the Finns spend so much money to keep their army mobilized that they will be forced to yield. In either case, it follows Hitler's technique so closely as to be almost ludicrous.

If truth does not lie in the public attitude of Moscow, what is the real reason for all the fuss? It is that the Soviet State wants more protection against a possible future attack on Leningrad, and that the territory it thinks is necessary for this purpose belongs to the Finns. The Finns don't count with Moscow when military considerations are at stake. The possible attacker is of course not Finland or the Scandinavian nations but Germany or Britain and France or a combination of the three. The Soviet Union has for years, as a result of its experience after the revolution, been so fearful of capitalist attack as to have developed what amounts to a paranoid persecution mania. This is not saying that the attack might not happen some time; it merely accounts for the fury, ruthlessness and apparent desertion of Leninist principle exhibited by the present Communist tactics.

The Question of Ethics

We deeply admire the Finnish people, hard-working and self-reliant. But leaders of the Finnish army have for years been involved in the sort of international intrigue by which that army is now threatened with destruction. The pro-fascist leanings of many Finnish generals have been notorious. As recently as last summer, the Germans were planning to use Finland as a base for attacking Leningrad, twenty miles from the Finnish border. At present the Russians say they believe that Great Britain, for reasons of her own, is encouraging Finnish resistance. This may be largely propaganda, but the British once did exactly that.

But nothing done by Finnish generals or politicians would justify the lies told about Finland by Russian official newspapers, or the carefully staged indignation meetings in Russian factories. At this point the Communists will say that we are falling into the old liberal vice of arguing about ends and means. They will say that we merely object to the means now employed by the Russians, which outrage our liberal sensibilities. The answer is that both the end and the means are bad in themselves. The end is whipping up the same sort of rage against Finland that Hitler whipped up against Poland. The means is telling a mixture of lies and half-truths to the Russian masses. That is the worst possible preparation for the socialist self-government that the Russians still claim as their final goal. It is and has been

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for centuries the means employed to strengthen a military dictatorship.

Torturing the Jews

The German Jews continue to be driven along the road of tragedy. A Berlin dispatch to The New York Times gives what is apparently official information on the forced migration into a huge concentration camp in what was formerly Poland. The Jews in Teschen are to be moved within the next few weeks. The order calls for the sending of all males between seventeen and seventy, and all women between seventeen and fifty-five. Most, though not all, are taking their children. Each is allowed one suitcase and approximately $120. It is said that 150,000 persons will be moved from Bohemia-Moravia. From Vienna the Jews are being expelled at the rate of 2,000 a week. When they get to their new homes, a few miles southwest of Lublin, there are no facilities ready for them. They must improvise shelters in the bitter cold, or make over the ruins of destroyed Polish houses. The amount of human suffering involved is beyond the compass of the imagination. It is something astronomical and meaningless, like the concept of a trillion dollars. The war has nearly closed the last door of hope, migration. There are still a quarter of a million Jews in Germany—and they are managing to get out at the rate of about 200 a week.

Dance of the Balkans

For a while it looked as if the Balkan states might join in an old-fashioned dance of all-hands-round and keep the war out of Southeastern Europe. Germany, Italy, Russia, Turkey, Britain and France have all been sitting eagerly about the hall, hoping to call the tune. The chief trouble was that everybody wanted something from Rumania. Bulgaria would come in if Rumania surrendered the Dobruja; Hungary demanded Transylvania. Russia, of course, wants Bessarabia back. A speech by the Hungarian Foreign Minister strongly emphasizing his country's claims seems to have driven the proposed alliance apart. The next event was an overturn of the Rumanian Cabinet, with the installation of a strongly pro-French Premier. Hungary and probably Bulgaria as well are therefore out. Will the sequence be a German offensive in the Southeast, with Rumania supported by Turkey, Greece and the Allies? If so, what will Russia do, and what will Italy do? The Balkans are the greatest problem of the war, and will probably be the greatest of the peace.

The E. Phillips Oppenheim War

This war begins to look like something written by E. Phillips Oppenheim. In the past few days we have had the mysterious Munich assassin, the British spies captured at the border, the secret radio station operated by Gestapo men under the pretense that they were an anti-Hitler group, the mine-sowing airplane, the formidable new "magnetic mine" supposed to rise from the bottom and strike the steel hull of a vessel. How much of all this is fact and how much is fiction?

The Munich Melodrama

Germany announces that she has found the culprits guilty of setting the bomb at Munich which Hitler escaped by a matter of minutes. They turn out to be a German named Georg Elser, and the two British agents mentioned above. Unfortunately for Hitler, he threw away his world credibility with the nonsensical story that the Reichstag was burned by the Communists. No one has the faintest notion whether Elser had anything to do with the Munich bomb. As for the two British officers, it is highly improbable that they were connected with it. Presumably they were in touch by secret radio with the anti-Hitler elements in Germany, and it is likely that these were the right-wing army group about which so much has been written lately. The fact that the Gestapo knew all about the negotiations will prove a grave setback to British plans. Guenter Reimann in his article on page 189 of this issue shows why the likelihood of a revolt by such a group is not to be taken seriously.

The Mysterious Mines

The first ten days of the new German campaign at sea were ominously successful. The loss in shipping, allied and neutral, was heavy though still only about one-third of the peak of success in the submarine warfare in 1917. The British have officially adopted the theory that mines are now being dropped from low-flying airplanes in places like the approach to the port of London, inaccessible to German ships or submarines. Prime Minister Chamberlain says that the secret of the "magnetic mine" is known and that Britain will soon be able to cope with it. If discussions in German military papers are a clue, this is not a mine which moves toward the hull of a vessel. It is anchored to the bottom, with floating wires which generate electricity when they touch or come near to a metal hull. One type is equipped with a compass needle which swings over, closes an electric circuit and explodes the charge. Whatever the technical details, large numbers of mines have been scattered by the Germans and they have been highly effective. It is still not proved, however, that Germany can sink ships faster than England and the neutrals can build them. Just as in the last war, the drowning of hundreds of non-combatants is hardening the anti-German feelings of the rest of the world—which, God knows, was already hard enough.

The War Against the Neutrals

Both Germany and the Allies are now using measures which are about as hard on neutrals as they are on the enemy. Germany's scattering mines broadcast

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without notification is a violation of international law, and apparently she is also using an illegal type of mine. Many neutral ships have been sunk and their crews and passengers drowned. England by way of retaliation proposes to treat all German exports as contraband and to require neutral neighbors to give proof that their outward-bound cargoes did not have a German origin. Her purpose, of course, is to prevent Germany from creating credits abroad with which she can bring back war materials—and everything is a war material nowadays. The action is not unexpected, though if it is carried out rigorously, as it doubtless will be, it will work tremendous hardships on the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, Belgium and some others. Half a dozen nations have already protested strongly but it is hard to believe that such protests will cause the British to change their course. International law and the rights of neutrals are among the first victims in every war.

Well Out of It

With neutral vessels being sunk every day in the waters around England, the American people can thank heaven for the revised Neutrality Act. If our ships were not forbidden to enter the danger zone it is altogether likely that some of them would have been sunk, and American citizens drowned, before this. Those who are trying to get the United States into the war would have had a beautiful emotional argument ready to hand. It remains now to make sure that those officials in Washington who are violently pro-Ally do not find ways of slipping through the loopholes in the law and getting us into trouble.

New Western Front

An organization with the challenging name, the New Western Front, has recently appeared in New York City and is being developed on a national basis. Membership is limited to American citizens of military age, eighteen to forty-five. Excluded are those "affiliated with the German-American Bund, the Communist Party or any other organization directly or indirectly subservient to a foreign power." It has a fourfold program: to keep the United States out of foreign wars, to develop democracy at home, to defend the Western Hemisphere against direct attack and to build up a Western Hemisphere economy. Its members would seek to aid the industry, resources and new markets of South America. They advocate an army sufficient to defend North America and its strategic bases and a navy and air force large enough to defend the Western Hemisphere. Among the members of the provisional executive committee are John Chamberlain, Quincy Howe and Selden Rodman. With almost no effort, it is said, about 500 members have been enrolled in a short time. Probably the New Western Front is guilty of some wishful thinking about the size of the potential South American market and the feasibility of hemispherical isolation. Nevertheless, the creation of this committee and its rapid growth are a striking sign of the times.

Production-for-Use in California

California, which has an unusually large number of the unemployed (including many representatives of the Joads and their friends) is about to try an interesting experiment. A good many unemployed workers now on relief will be taken off the rolls and put to work in production units for which their experience and abilities fit them. Some will raise fruits and vegetables, or work with cattle and hogs. Others will be employed in macaroni and spaghetti plants, fisheries, bakeries and shoe and clothing factories. Each man will get the same relief payment as heretofore, but only three-quarters of it will be in cash. The remaining quarter will be in the form of orders for the goods which he and others have produced. There will be an additional net payment depending on the number of hours worked each month. The goods produced will be distributed through consumers' coöperatives; the state will put up the capital and buy necessary materials, including goods not produced by the unemployed workers.

In the past, schemes of this kind have always broken down because manufacturers and retailers were able to stop them. These business people wanted the unemployed to be forced to buy from them at regular market rates. Now, however, California business men have been badly scared by the Ham-and-Eggs movement. They are willing to do almost anything to keep down discontent among the state's poor people. This scheme will produce no Utopia; it has objections, including the obvious fact that it sets up a closed economic system inside an open one. It will cut down production in private industry. Nevertheless, it has possibilities so wide that it is well worth watching.

Strikebreaking on the Air

What has happened to the code of ethics of the radio broadcasting companies? As we understand it, this code forbids the expression of editorial opinion on controversial subjects by commentators on paid time, stipulating that such discussion shall be on the station's own time, and that opposing points of view shall be fairly represented. Elliot Roosevelt, advertising Emerson radios, speaks regularly on the air over the Mutual network. On a recent occasion he not only expressed violent opposition to John L. Lewis and to the leadership of the Chrysler strike, but did so in the shape of demonstrable lies. His words sounded as if they had come straight from Father Coughlin. Mr. Roosevelt said that wages were not an issue in the strike, that the union demanded complete control over production, that the workers "want the right to slow down or speed up production at will and to tell the company who are

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good men and who are not." If the union won its demands it would "control the output of this country." The facts are that a request for a wage increase was, at the time Mr. Roosevelt spoke, the chief point at issue, and that the controversy over control of production—already settled in negotiation—had arisen from the union's request that disputes about the matter which could not be adjusted between the parties be decided by an impartial person.

Mr. Roosevelt's own stations have refused to endorse the broadcasting code, but the big networks, including Mutual, have adopted it. The intent of the rules in question is to prevent those having the most money to pay for broadcasts from indoctrinating the public with their views. If the rule is good, it ought to be enforced—even in the case of the President's son.

A Catholic View of Coughlin

Father Coughlin has been one of the loudest mouthpieces for the misapprehensions of the Chrysler dispute that Elliott Roosevelt and others have echoed. In a recent radio address, he showed a total misconception of the function of the NLRB, which does not, as he assumed, render strikes "outmoded" and "neither Christian nor American." The NLRB protects the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively, but has no authority under the law to mediate or arbitrate issues arising after those rights are established. In this instance Chrysler has not asked for arbitration.

Though the "Americanism" of strikes is easily upheld, what about their "Christianity" according to Catholic doctrine? It seems that Coughlin is just as shaky on this ground. The Reverend Raymond C. Clancy of the Archdiocesan Labor Institute, in one of a series of broadcasts sponsored by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, answered Coughlin in terms that express liberal Catholic thought the nation over. Besides pointing out the now familiar distortions of the issue, Father Clancy charged that Coughlin had misquoted the encyclicals of Pius XI, at one point tearing the Pope's criticism of fascism from its context and misapplying it to the question of labor conflicts. "There is no excuse," he said, "for one who is taken by many listeners to be an authority on papal encyclicals to misquote the meaning of the Holy Father." Father Clancy might well have added that there are doctrinal as well as political reasons for the unfrocking of a fascist demagogue.

Poor Man's Law

The National Lawyers' Guild, liberal competitor of the American Bar Association, plans to help poor people get legal service. Instead of opposing legitimate legal-aid societies and unauthorized agencies like motor clubs and banks the Guild proposes bar-sponsored legal-service bureaus with fixed price schedules. Wills, leases and other printed instruments will cost $1.50. A half-hour's consultation will entail a $2 fee and retainers of $10 will be charged for tort and criminal cases. If they know they can pay him, maybe poor people won't be so reluctant to see a lawyer.

News Notes of a Week

An estimated 300,000 Italian soldiers and officers were given winter leave, following France's discontinuance of war restrictions along the Italian-French border and a reputed agreement between the two governments. . . . International relief committees reported that 200,000 Spanish refugees in France are facing acute privation and the threat of return to Fascist Spain. . . . Denmark and Sweden announced that the Nobel Peace Prize would not be awarded this year.

The International Labor Defense launched a campaign to expose and fight conditions of peonage among Negroes and poor whites in Oglethorpe County, Georgia. . . . Philip Murray, vice president of the CIO, arrived in Detroit to confer with Chrysler officials, after Homer Martin of the AFL was accused of organizing a strike-breaking faction of 200 Negroes who crossed the Dodge plant picket lines, protected by 500 policemen. . . . The Supreme Court invalidated municipal ordinances curbing handbill distribution in four cities, in decisions upholding the rights of free speech and press. Three of the cases were aided by the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . Mayor Maury Maverick of San Antonio, facing trial on charges of paying poll taxes for his supporters, called the indictments a "political smear."

Taxes and Armaments

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, announcing the intention to increase already swollen expenditures for "defense" by $500,000,000 next year, asks the question whether these expenses should be met by taxation or by additional borrowing. At the same time he is seeking to cut the spending of civilian departments of the government in an effort to come closer to balancing the budget. It seems to us that the President is seriously misleading the country in thus stating the issue. He assumes the answers to the two really important questions, and asks the sentiment of the country on another question that ought never to have arisen.

Should we spend an extra half-billion for the army and navy? That is a question he does not even ask. Yet it is basic to the whole discussion. The United States Navy is already superior to any other in the world except the British, and is equal to that. Building programs recently adopted will still further enlarge and modernize it. We are not in the slightest danger of being attacked by any power. Nor is there the least probability that any would attempt to set foot on this hemisphere. Even if we assume that Germany will conquer Britain and capture the British fleet, we could

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still easily defend North or Central America against any threatened invasion—unlikely as that would be. Whom are we arming against? As for the army, it has been substantially increased, particularly in respect of aircraft and air defense. On the basis of already authorized programs and expenditures, it would be amply able to guard against any attack (in itself inconceivable) that could, by some impossible chance, slip by the navy. It is time for the citizens to rise up and put an end to this militaristic nonsense.

There are only three possible reasons that would make sense in further enlargement of our already bloated arms expenditures: (1) an expectation of taking part in war in Europe or Asia; (2) a desire to enhance the importance of military and naval influence in American life; (3) a desire to use this program to stimulate economic recovery. The first two, if announced, would meet overwhelming opposition on the part of the citizens. The third would be an abject confession of failure on the part of the New Deal. What the President proposes is nowhere near enough to solve our economic crisis; at least triple the amount would be necessary. If we must go the way of the rest of the world by solving our domestic problems through an armaments boom, we must look forward either to war and its post-war collapse, or to an indefinite and progressive militarization, with all its lugubrious accompaniments. We do not believe the citizens would favor this course either.

The second question to which the President assumes the answer is whether the time is ripe for cutting down the civilian expenditures of the government. He is just going ahead to prepare to do it, in drawing up his budget. There are, no doubt, places where economies could and should be made, but as a general policy this is a disastrous one. Relief expenditures are already too small, and the present boomlet is not likely to last. A dozen important activities of the New Deal need to be pushed forward rather than retrenched, There is still no sign of an adequate increase of private investment to restore anything like full employment. The housing problem is far from solved; on the contrary, it is, under the surface, more acute than ever. Arms purchases by Europe may stimulate a few industries, like machine tools and airplanes, but other industries are losing business. Our own military program is applying purchasing power in exactly the wrong places, as far as this situation is concerned, because it is a competitor with belligerents for the same types of goods.

If the United States were engaged in war, or if a necessary expansion of defense forces was expected to absorb our national energies, sop up unemployment and bring an inflationary rise of prices and profits, then the President's question would be legitimate, and there would be only one wise answer to it. Under such circumstances, taxes should be raised to the limit. The purpose of doing this would not be to avoid "passing the cost on to future generations." That cannot be done in any case; every war is and must be paid for while it is being fought. The demands it makes on real wealth —on labor time, natural resources, goods and equipment—must be met out of energies and things existing at the time. But taxation of those best able to pay would be preferable to the distortions and hardships arising from the concealed taxation of inflation, and would also mitigate the subsequent collapse. The present case, however, is not of this kind. There is no danger of inflation while men and factories are idle. Increased taxation to pay for armament is no more desirable under these circumstances than increased taxation to pay for anything else. The budget is a whole; the economic effect of government borrowing and spending is unitary; while the private economy is limping along it is the wrong remedy to reduce the margin between government income and expenditure.

What we need for defense of democracy in the present world crisis is not more ships and guns and planes; it is a soundly functioning democratic economy. For this purpose we require a program formulated for domestic and civilian needs. Just more spending and borrowing are not enough, to be sure; we need development of the existing New Deal to fill up the gap in private investment, to create more genuine employment and to raise the standard of living. Such a program would not be devoted mainly to enlarging instruments of destruction. It would concentrate on housing, railroads, utilities, price adjustment to facilitate larger production and consumption of commonly needed articles and services. To go in for a larger army and navy while restricting the peaceful and constructive activities of the government is a step in exactly the wrong direction, whether the new military expenses are paid for out of taxes or not. To aim at a reduction of government borrowing while one-fifth of our workers still lack jobs is a surrender to the enemies of the New Deal.

Our Interstate Embargoes

SECRETARY HOPKINS on November 24 launched an interdepartmental committee to coöperate with state and civic groups in clearing away obstructions to free commerce caused by interstate trade barriers. That the move is one of prime necessity is abundantly illustrated in a pamphlet just published by the Public Affairs Committee. "State Trade Walls," by F. Eugene Melder, directs attention to the virtual embargo that state legislatures have imposed on certain out-of-state goods to "protect" their home industries. There is a serious threat to the functioning of a wide national market in these short-sighted restrictions. Like trade walls among nations, they seek to stop the sale of "foreign" goods "at home" while pushing the sale of home produce

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abroad—a delusory policy since, as the pamphlet points out, "Trade is *trade*. You can't sell unless you buy."

Though states are prohibited by the Constitution from raising barriers, in the form of duties, against imports from other states, they can cripple out-of-state competition by discriminatory tariffs that fall legally within the definition of states' rights. State governments, for instance, are free to insist on using only local products and services in public buildings, works and institutions, and forty-seven of them do so to varying degrees. One state—we hope it is not Tennessee—goes so far as to require that its public-school textbooks be printed within its boundaries. Because home products often cost more, these practices are directly felt by the taxpayer.

State laws governing widths, weights and other specifications of commercial vehicles constitute one of the strongest of state trade barriers. A glance at the havoc they are capable of creating almost makes us sympathize with Fritz Kuhn, who spent $717 out of the funds of the German-American Bund to move the furniture of a lady friend around the country. There was a Texan, used as an example by Mr. Melder, who wanted to move his household goods to West Virginia by van. The Texan's truckman found he couldn't make the trip by the direct route because ten miles of it passed through Kentucky, where his truck was ruled out by a length of two feet. When he considered an alternative path, circumventing Kentucky through the states to its north, he found it would involve $1,000 in attorney's fees, travel expenses and taxes.

Many states have enacted plant quarantines and sanitary restrictions. These too are easily warped into effectual state trade embargoes. Laws designed to protect livestock and crops against diseases and insects are often used unfairly to bar healthy but competitive stock from other states. Eggs are labeled "shipped" to make them seem to the buyer less fresh than those marked with the home state's name. California quarantines "foreign" citrus fruit for practically nonexistent diseases. Texas has followed the lead with a ban on out-of-state fruit except between April and September, in which season its own fruit is not marketed and, presumably, the heathen citrus temporarily purges itself of the plague. Ports of entry—the interstate equivalent of international customs houses—are often used to enforce such regulations.

States protect home industry through unreasonable taxes on "foreign" insurance companies, chain stores and a wide range of competitive products and services. Provisions in the amendment repealing prohibition lend themselves to these ends in a way that is movingly illustrated by the plight of the wine-bibbers of Michigan. The state smiles on native growers of grapes by levying a 50-cent-per-gallon tax on invading wines. Wine made predominantly of Michigan grapes, however, sails along under a four-cent tax, provided the grapes have been bought for at least $55 a ton, a premium price intended to spur the lagging profits of native growers. But Michigan drinkers don't appear to *like* Michigan wines, and, reluctant to pay the high prices placed on outside wines by the discriminatory tax, have turned to the hard stuff. The high premium for grapes has raised production while consumption has been steadily sinking under the tax burden.

We get a disturbing picture of the national effect of this sort of trade provincialism when we are told that California threatened to bite back at Michigan by buying no more Michigan-manufactured cars, though later seems to have changed her mind. Meanwhile, more than half the states help their alcoholic-beverage producers and dealers through a tax squeeze-play like Michigan's.

It takes no deep knowledge of economics to realize that the weapon of state trade barriers is a boomerang and, when it comes full turn, inevitably strikes home industry. Realizing that it is high time they straightened themselves out, the states, through their Council of State Governments, started a campaign to eliminate trade barriers with a conference, held last April in Chicago, in which many departments of the federal government participated. The Council recommended a study of the legislation and policies tending to create barriers, and as a result a comprehensive analysis of existing barriers and approaches to their solution is now in progress under the Marketing Laws Survey of the WPA. It rests with the states themselves, aided by federal coöperation of the sort projected by Secretary Hopkins, to prevent the passage of further trade-barrier laws and to work for the elimination of old ones. If drastic reforms are not made, it will be up to Congress to curb states' rights in so far as they prevent free interstate commerce.

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Case History of a Red Hunt

MANY THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE fear that this country is on the edge of a Red hunt. Mr. Browder, head of the American Communist Party, has been indicted for a passport fraud, the prosecution of which, in other circumstances, would have been abandoned under the statute of limitations. Incredibly enough, a few days ago at Hyde Park a "friend of the President" publicly speculated on whether a speech by Mr. Browder at Boston might not be a punishable crime.

A very short time ago, a Red hunt would have been unthinkable. After the initiation of the popular-front policy in democratic countries about 1934, American liberals and progressives accepted the collaboration of Communists, even sought it. While many Americans were baffled by the Russian treason trials, the Russian government was generally respected. If, in those years, we could have been said to have a national scapegoat, it was the Tory, the economic royalist.

The genius of the deep-running political current that is moving toward Red-hunting is a huge, loose-jointed, blond, rude-mannered Texan, Mr. Martin Dies. When he was first elected to Congress from Orange, Texas, he was still under thirty. He was the oversized "baby" of the 1931-33 session. His father had been in Congress under Woodrow Wilson, had won minor fame for his opposition to the 1914-18 war. Young Martin's high-school years were spent in Washington, in the corridors of the Capitol. By the time he had long pants, he had soaked up more practical political lore than most men ever possess.

With the advent of the New Deal in 1933, Mr. Dies was a fervent advocate of monetary inflation, a savage critic of a reactionary Supreme Court that, as it was then feared, might validate the gold clause of mortgage contracts. But he was chiefly noticed, to the degree he was noticed at all, because of a belief that he was a protegé of Vice President Garner, who had served in the Texas delegation with his father. His abrupt elevation to the powerful House Rules Committee was attributed to Mr. Garner's benevolence.

There was something else about him worth more attention than it received. Most Congressmen are pursued by committee work, constituents, unfed ambition. Mr. Dies seemed to have infinite leisure. He would sprawl his six-foot length on the tufted leather couches of the House cloak rooms, and deliver himself of roughly phrased, often very comical, observations on his colleagues. He and his especial friends would arrange elaborate hoaxes for new members. He became a gang leader, very close to a small-town bully.

The early New Deal was a time of heroic public-works appropriations. Most Congressmen regarded the White House group with awe and, when they were permitted to announce the award of a project in their districts a day or so ahead of time, were humbly grateful. Not so Mr. Dies. He began to talk in the House cloak rooms. His theme was the familiar one that Messrs. Ickes and Hopkins had never been elected by the voters, were scarcely Democrats at all. An extraordinary thing happened. Congressmen who had followed the New Deal unhesitatingly up to then began to find that they had grievances. By 1936, a group of perhaps seventy-five Democrats in the House, under Mr. Dies's leadership, were repeatedly breaking away from their party whips and voting against the administration. About this time, the Demagogues' Club, the members of which were pledged never to vote for a tax bill or against an appropriation bill, was born, with Mr. Dies as president.

February, 1937, saw simultaneously the beginning of the Supreme Court reorganization fight in Congress and the General Motors sitdown strike. Because Mr. Roosevelt had just won a great victory in the November, 1936, national election, no reactionary dared utter a squeak. The first man in Congress to attack the sitdown strikers was Mr. Dies. It was whispered that he did so with Mr. Garner's backing. Overnight Mr. Dies gained greater prestige than he has had at any time since. Momentarily he was the recognized anti-Roosevelt leader in the House; it was predicted he would rapidly supplant Mr. Rayburn as majority chieftain, a prediction no Congressman would dream of making today. Mr. Roosevelt was impelled to conciliate him, and, at a rambling, slightly ridiculous picnic of Supreme Court friends and foes held on an island in Chesapeake Bay, submitted to being inducted into the Demagogues' Club. Still later in the session, Mr. Dies was a leader in the reactionaries' fight against the wages-and-hours bill.

Dies's district borders along the Rio Grande; perforce he has had an interest in immigration laws. Early in the New Deal, his prescription for the unemployment problem was to deport the six million aliens he estimated were in the country, an uncannily accurate anticipation of Hitler's mass-migration mania. He and Representative Dickstein of New York City were rivals in devising ways to harass aliens. Mr. Dickstein, at least, had a comprehensible motive, since he had flesh-and-blood Communists in his district who held him in loud-voiced disesteem.

In the 1938 session, Mr. Dies sponsored a routine resolution for an investigation of aliens. As it happened, Mr. Dickstein and some of his New York City associates had become worried by the activities of Mr. Fritz Kuhn, head of the American Nazis. They were

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in possession of reports on Nazi summer camps in New Jersey and on Long Island made by Mr. J. C. Metcalfe, a Chicago newspaper correspondent. To the bewilderment of the House, Mr. Dickstein pleaded that Mr. Dies's investigation be authorized, and broadened to include all un-American groups. Over the excited warnings of Mr. Maury Maverick, a deal was made between Mr. Dickstein's New Yorkers and the farm Democrats, and the investigation was ordered. Mr. Dies informed the House that President Roosevelt was threatened with assassination by Bolshevik agents; he, Mr. Dies, swore to save him.

Mr. Dies was voted $25,000. The relative smallness of this sum was deliberate. The costs of congressional investigations are largely standardized; each committee has a chief counsel, associate counsel, chief investigator, staff investigators, process-server, court stenographers, plain stenographers, file clerks. A week's hearing will cost from $5,000 upwards. The painstaking La Follette Civil Liberties Committee is supposed to have spent as much as $10,000 on a single phase of its investigation. In Congress it was believed that Mr. Dies would have just enough money to expose the Nazi summer camps, and then be penniless.

Mr. Dies burst his economic fetters by a Huey Long-like stroke, which likewise shaped the character of his subsequent investigation. He simply dispensed with a committee staff. He was his own counsel. No hearings were prepared, nor testimony analyzed, unless he himself did it evenings. His first investigator, Mr. Metcalfe, was a semi-volunteer; so was his second, Mr. E. F. Sullivan. From the files of the La Follette committee, the latter was identified as an opponent of labor unions. The committee had no other staff. To the dismay of the New Dealers, it was apparent that Mr. Dies could run his investigation on slightly less than nothing, and keep it going indefinitely.

The Dies committee began its hearings at the end of July, 1938, with Mr. Metcalfe's testimony about the Nazis. He was followed by Mr. John P. Frey, head of the AFL's metal-trades department. Mr. Frey made a full-dress Red-hunting speech against Mr. John L. Lewis and the CIO, of a sort that had not been heard since the days of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and New York State's Senator Lusk. Because Mr. Frey had been one of the principal fomenters of enmity to the CIO he was widely and legitimately reported by the newspapers. The first step was taken. From all over the country, labor-baiting individuals wrote and telegraphed Mr. Dies, asking to appear as witnesses and offering to pay their own carfare.

The committee next embarked on what promised to be a great exploit, but one which turned out badly. Mr. Sullivan had brought word from California that Hollywood's motion-picture industry was really an arm of the Soviet Ogpu. No Congressman had ever tried combining Bolshevik whiskers and bombs with the silk-clad graces of Hollywood chorines. It appeared supercolossal. Unhappily, evidence was introduced to the effect that Miss Shirley Temple was one of a group that had sent greetings to a Paris newspaper, Ce Soir—recently suppressed, it should be added, by the Daladier government. This permitted the gibe that Mr. Dies wished to save the country from Miss Temple's subversive activities. He issued agonized explanations, and Mr. Sullivan disappeared as investigator.

The Shirley Temple episode was not fatal, however. A line of witnesses paraded before the committee, all venomously hostile to liberal groups and measures, and with accusations that were either vague or trivial. Many hours were taken up by Mr. Harper Knowles, of the professedly anti-labor California Associated Farmers, and by former workers of the Federal Theatre Project. But what was important was the reiteration of the word, "communist." Just as earlier Mr. Dies had lounged in the House cloak rooms and by talk, talk, talk had stirred up a fifth of the House membership against Mr. Roosevelt, so again "communist," "communist," "communist" began working like yeast spores among the voters.

Just before the November, 1938, elections, Mr. Dies, as a fisherman, had his first big strike. A group of Republican politicians from Michigan came before his committee to testify that Mr. Frank Murphy, then in the midst of his campaign for reëlection as Governor, was a Communist or a Communist dupe. The White House group was immensely—and, as events proved, justifiably—alarmed; one of its chief objectives was to hold Michigan for the New Deal. At a press conference, Mr. Roosevelt denounced the committee and its methods.

Congress met again in January, 1939, and Mr. Dies, no doubt wearied by his lean fare, asked for $100,000 with which to continue his endeavors. He boasted, perhaps correctly, that a majority of the House was behind him. Emissaries of the administration, notably Messrs. Bankhead and Rayburn, were sent to reason with him. He was told that the constant accusations made against Miss Perkins and other New Deal officials were not only morally reprehensible but bad for the Democratic Party. Such implicit appeals for mercy on the administration's part, it might have been supposed, would have made a man of Mr. Dies's temperament more swaggering, more ruthless than ever.

According to report, however, he was contrite, and promised to reform. He proposed—apparently through Messrs. Bankhead and Rayburn—that Mr. Roosevelt name a New Dealer to sit with him on his committee and jointly conduct hearings. With seeming relief, Mr. Roosevelt nominated Mr. Jerry Voorhis. Mr. Dies applied to the Justice Department, of which Mr. Murphy had become Attorney General, for the best available counsel. He was given Mr. Rea Whitley, for ten years with the FBI. His chief investigator, Mr. J. B.

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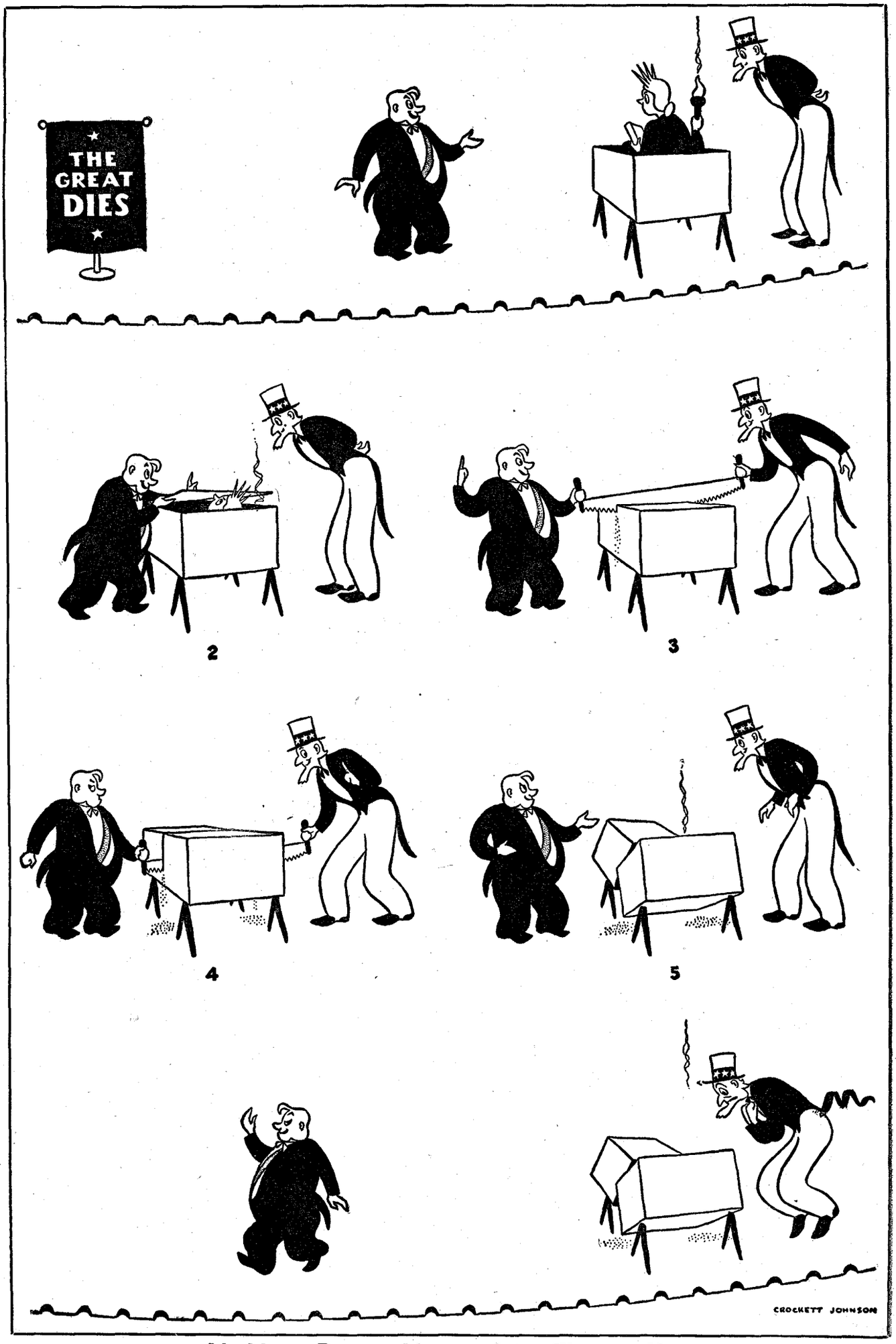

MR. MARTIN DIES, THE MAGICIAN, SAWS A WOMAN IN HALF

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Matthews—who had testified earlier before the committee—was Mr. Dies's own delighted choice. Mr. Matthews had read many books and taught in a college and, in Mr. Dies's view, necessarily must be pleasing to the New Deal.

It is unlikely that Mr. Matthews himself was under any delusion about his acceptability to the New Dealers. As readers of his "Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler" are aware, he might be used as a textbook example of the ex-radical. So wild and despairing is his feeling towards his former comrades that no action he can take against them, not even the clubbing symbolized by the Dies committee, seems dishonorable. His fury is perhaps heightened by the awkward chronological coincidence that his doubts about the Comintern's doctrinal integrity and Stalin's world policy roughly parallel a strike of Consumers' Research workers at Washington, New Jersey, which he tried to break with charges that it was only a Communist plot to take over the concern.

Mr. Matthews is chiefly responsible for the many confessions of ex-members of the Communist Party before the Dies committee. Before he joined the committee, any person ever concerned with the radical movement had to face heavy, loutish cruelty. But in Mr. Matthews, former Communists now find a priestly adviser, one who has experienced the same tortures of the spirit that they have, and the same impulses to revenge, and who has apparently found peace by giving these revengeful impulses full rein. He has known where to find disaffected individuals for the committee, and exactly how to persuade them to give evidence.

About the time that he made his gestures to political decency, Mr. Dies fell desperately ill. He underwent a major operation, and, for the sake of his heart, was induced to give up his incessant cigar-smoking, a habit he has replaced by gum-chewing. In hospital, Mr. Dies himself read books. When he emerged, his former manner was gone. He was solemn, earnest, burning with an inner light.

Among New Dealers, there is nowadays no expression too harsh or contemptuous to be applied to Mr. Dies. It is true that political showmanship is in his blood, and that he has no more sincerity than P. T. Barnum had when he was exploiting Jenny Lind's feminine purity. But the important point is that he has at least as much, and, in Barnum's case, it was enough to beguile the whole American nation of his day. It is altogether unwise to think that the Dies investigation is now the county-fair carrousel of a year ago, or that it can be blown away by epithets.

It has already been suggested that the blank reiteration of charges of communism produced an effect upon the administration itself. The Dies committee would not be so alarming as it is if it were not for the atmosphere that has been created in Washington. It can be plausibly argued that the first Red-hunt victim was Mr. Donald W. Smith, former member of the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Smith was up for reappointment last January. Primarily because of the New Deal setback in the elections of the preceding November and the opposition to Mr. Smith by the AFL, but partly because of the Dies committee, it was considered more prudent not to appoint him for a second term. Mr. W. M. Leiserson of the Railroad Labor Board was appointed in Mr. Smith's place.

The same considerations of prudence suggested that the two remaining "old" members of the NLRB, and especially Mr. Edwin S. Smith, eschew unnecessarily controversial phraseology in their decisions. It is certain that stout hints were dropped to Mr. Smith. When he ignored them, he was accused of "extremism." In the controversy over policy that developed between Mr. Leiserson and Mr. Smith, the sympathy of the White House group was entirely on the former's side. Mr. Leiserson is undoubtedly an abler and more experienced labor adjuster than Mr. Smith. But partly because Mr. Smith insisted on making himself a likely victim of Mr. Dies's attack, the New Dealers found themselves ranged against him, as they had been against Mr. Donald Smith.

Long before Mr. Dies seized the lists of the Washington branch of the League for Peace and Democracy, it was realized among New Dealers that he would do so, and that he would find the names of Mr. Smith and his closest associates in the NLRB. When, not long ago, Mr. Dies published the lists, Mr. Roosevelt denounced it as a "sordid procedure," and this judgment was genuinely shared by all New Dealers. Nevertheless, if the publication of his name serves to squelch Mr. Smith, it will be only what a powerful faction of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers has hoped to do for the last six months.

In New York, the American Labor Party, a constituent member of Labor's Non-Partisan League, conducted an avowed Red hunt in the recent New York City elections, defeating a CIO leader, Mr. Michael Quill of the Transport Workers' Union, for the city council. The motives of Mr. Roosevelt, of his New Deal advisers, of the ALP executive, are above suspicion, but the atmosphere they have created is one of defeatism.

As it happens, the stirring up of suspicion of political radicalism among the voters, and the change in atmosphere in Washington, have been paralleled by a wave of hatred against the Soviet Union among American intellectuals. During last spring and summer, they were emotionally preparing themselves for a great struggle against Hitler and Nazism. The Russo-German understanding just before the outbreak of war shocked and disgusted them. Quite like the Dies committeemen, many of them now think nothing as necessary and desirable as the extirpation of Communists and communism.

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The popular-front movement of the last four years produced a great and largely hopeful change in the political temper of the country. It carried liberalism to social and geographic groups that never before had been touched by it. Because most popular-front organizations admitted Communists to membership, we must now consider whether this movement is to be swept away. The talk, talk, talk that will go on before a refinanced Dies committee during the next session of Congress will bring political erosion unless check dams are thrown up. The Communists themselves are deserting the popular front, but should the others kill it?

The danger in the tactics of the Red hunt remains, as always, that the smear will be spread to anyone with the least progressive or liberal leanings. It is like a poison-gas attack in a battle, which may be blown over innocent civilians or even back over those who launch it. This has been demonstrated again in the Dies hearings, where witnesses who freely admitted their own conspiratorial background and their previous disregard for truth were permitted to attach the Red label indiscriminately, and to accuse Reds of all sorts of crimes, while the victims were given no chance to catch up with the resulting headlines. The price of maintaining civil liberties and public esteem for labor leaders, progressive politicians, and even for mere adherents of the Bill of Rights, is stout defense of the civil liberties of genuine Communists themselves. To squelch the Dies committee rather than to be intimidated by it, and to cease Red-baiting, would seem to be elementary prudence for the New Deal forces.

Washington T. R. B.

Revolt from the Right in Germany?

THE CONSERVATIVE FORCES were once as powerful in Germany as anywhere else. They consisted of a triple alliance of big agrarians, heavy industrialists and army generals. All three forces could rely on the huge state bureaucracy, which was traditionally conservative. The economic crisis had already undermined that alliance, but Hitler has given it a final blow. He could not be an authoritarian ruler without destroying the combination of forces that wanted to rule him rather than be ruled by him. As early as 1933, Hitler deprived the big agrarians of their political influence. Most large estates in eastern Germany still exist, at least in part, as a result of state subsidies granted them under Hitler. But their organizations and press, which were decisive political factors in Germany until Hitler came to power, have been taken over by the Nazi Party. Hugenberg's resignation from the first Hitler Cabinet in 1933 demonstrated the political helplessness of the big agrarians under the Nazis. This conservative caste which enjoyed many privileges under the Kaiser and even under the Weimar Republic has been destroyed as an independent political power, and is afraid of losing everything if it makes the slightest move against the Nazi Party.

The second defeat of the conservatives became apparent when the former president of the Reichsbank, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, was forced to resign. Big banks and trusts had been rescued financially by the state during the world economic crisis. But under Hitler they lost their former independence and political power. Complete state regimentation of the economic life has fundamentally affected their position as well as the status of the Reichsbank. It could preserve its relative independence toward the government only as long as a capital market was functioning under control of the private banks and for the benefit, primarily, of private enterprises. Today the Reichsbank is a mere subdivision of the governmental administration.

The heavy industrialists, like Krupp and Thyssen, felt safe when Hitler came to power because of their close ties with the generals who were in control of the army. They have since lost not only their financial independence but also their close ties with these leaders. Therefore they feel that they are mere tools of a machine they can no longer control. When the author—after the Munich crisis—interviewed financial advisers and personal friends of Thyssen and Krupp, the apprehension of these magnates was clearly revealed.

Hitler has also disrupted the third and decisive conservative force—the influence of the "old conservatives" in the army. The new young officers to whom Hitler has opened a promising career are no longer under the tutelage of conservative generals but of technicians and experts who do no independent political thinking and are therefore willing to obey "Corporal" Hitler's orders without question.

The war has increased the power of the army leaders, who can now overrule decisions of party secretaries. The longer the war lasts, the more the whole country will be organized as an instrument of the army. Soldiers are under strict army discipline. An old Nazi law is still in existence forbidding any member of the army to be a member of the Nazi Party, since he is under the discipline of the army and not of the party secretary. Party leaders have no right to interfere with military decisions and military discipline. Therefore a critical observer might easily conclude that, as a result of the war, Hitler is becoming a prisoner of his generals. British statesmen and some anti-Nazi groups still consider it possible that a day may come when the army, or at least some general backed by the "old conservative" officers, may remove Hitler and seek

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peace with the Western powers. The old hope of former German trade-union leaders that the army would free them from Hitler has never vanished. An army revolt would be popular among the workers, who hate the Gestapo and would support anyone who would free them from Nazi rule.

There are historical precedents for such an army coup. In Poland, Pilsudski succeeded in replacing an unpopular government by a military dictatorship. But the man who thought that he might do the same in Germany—General von Schleicher—is no longer alive. His assassination in June, 1934, revealed that the idea of an opposition group of army officers' overthrowing Hitler was unrealistic, for the conservative forces on which such an army coup would have to rely have been stripped of power.

Most military strategists in Germany do not feel happy about the situation Hitler has created. They realize the terrific dangers to which they are exposed. Hitler's policies are in conflict with the basic ideas of all German military and conservative leaders. Bismarck sought an alliance with Russia—but he wanted to maintain an independent Austria. Under the Kaiser, German militarism prepared for war against the West and East simultaneously, but with greater economic and military reserves than the Third Reich has at its disposal and with the hope that Great Britain would remain neutral. The fundamental lessons of the Great War were carefully studied by the creator of the Reichswehr, von Seeckt, whose political and organizational skill made it possible to preserve the traditions of the imperial officer corps. But if this great military organizer—who was regarded as the spiritual leader of the conservatives in Germany's post-war army—were alive today, he would probably seriously criticize Hitler's foreign policy. In his last writings, in 1932-33, von Seeckt advocated friendship with Moscow, despite his opposition to Bolshevism in Germany, but he also warned against a war in which Germany would fight the West with Russia as an ally: "In such a case Germany would become the battlefield and be ruined." This would spell final defeat, he believed, even in case of a military victory.

German army officers, especially those of high rank, cannot completely have forgotten all the fundamental lessons they had learned from von Seeckt and other conservative strategists. They cannot be satisfied with a policy by which they risk their whole existence without a fair chance of success. Yet, these generals are tied to the present system in Germany and to Hitler's policies for two reasons: (1) because of the efficiency of the secret police in a totalitarian state, and (2) because of the fear that they could not control a Germany without Hitler. The second point is the more important, for it is responsible for the spirit of fatalism which pervades all "old conservatives" and of which Rauschning's book "The Revolution of Nihilism" provides an interesting illustration.

Ever since Hitler came to power he has been aware of the danger that the army might act against him or at least independently of him. Many political decisions were influenced by his determination to obtain complete authoritarian control of the army and to make it impossible for any general to challenge his power. He therefore destroyed the caste system of the officer corps which was typical of the Kaiser's army as well as of von Seeckt's Reichswehr. Hitler dictated such a rapid tempo of militarization that the old army leaders lost their former influence among the officers. Thousands of young officers got a chance for a military career they could not possibly have had without Hitler.

Hitler has defeated the conservative army leaders not merely by police methods but also by depriving them of any strategic plan which might have encouraged personal initiative. He has created a situation in which it is impossible for the generals to overthrow him and to bid for peace with the Allied powers without violating the traditions and ideals of German nationalist conservatives. They too were for a strengthening of militarism and for a Greater Reich. They too fear another Versailles and would not trust the promises of foreign statesmen.

Internal weaknesses, strange as it may sound, strengthen Hitler's authoritarian position in Germany. Without the secret police, without the regimentation of the German people by the Nazi Party, the whole social structure of the Nazi state would collapse, leading not merely to a collapse of the Nazi regime but of the entire basis of German militarism.

Hitler has beaten his conservatives with their own weapons—but in a perverted way. Privileges still exist, but they depend on the good will of the party bureaucrats. The "old conservatives" feel that this war which they opposed will end badly, yet they are unable to make any independent move that will protect them against a national disaster. Hitler holds them at bay not merely through his secret police but also by having made sure that nothing of the old system would remain if the structure he has built should fall.

There is little chance that while Hitler is in power one of the "old conservatives" will rise against him and become the new dictator. This does not mean that Hitler will never be overthrown nor does it mean that no conservative general will ever try to establish a new military dictatorship. But only when the failure of the war becomes evident to the soldiers and when they begin to realize that they are dying for a hopeless cause will the morale of the army break down. Then we may expect rebellions of the kind that happened in the German navy and army in 1918. Only after a collapse of the Nazi regime is it possible that a serious attempt will be made to establish a military dictatorship without Hitler.

GUENTER REIMANN

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Freedom in Wartime

DOWN IN THE SQUARE below my window a Communist orator is addressing in the lunch-hour period an attentive and numerous crowd. His theme is, of course, that this is an imperialist war, and that the workers should insist on peace on Hitler's terms. Somewhere over the wall that echoes his words, beyond the greensward of the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, are the chambers in which Milton wrote "Areopagitica." His ghost, I tell myself, would not be offended by this spectacle. The young man's voice, to be sure, is the voice of Moscow. But what of that? Somewhere beyond the trenches and the fortifications there is an international society that one day will come into being. It is right that Moscow should address us, though at the moment it is difficult to listen with perfect respect. But I register the fact that in wartime England does allow Moscow, the enemy's closest friend, to address us freely, and even to sap our will to fight.

In the subway the first posters that catch my eye are those of Action, the Fascist weekly. It too is calling for peace, and on Hitler's terms. Its voice is the voice of Berlin, for the Home Secretary has said plainly in the House that Sir Oswald Mosley's party is subsidized from abroad. But still, through this indirect and rather muddy channel, Berlin may address us. There was another subsidized organ of Nazi propaganda, known as The Link, a periodical with a social organization behind it. It has gone under, but it was not suppressed: it died of exposure. One might continue the catalogue. In a wholly different category there are the sincere idealists of the Peace Pledge Union, who recruit young men for the refusal of military service. Their scruples are respected when they face the tribunals. Finally, there is the Independent Labor Party, which with perfect consistency combats the war from a standpoint that Moscow would call Trotskyist. Its young men fare ill when they face the tribunals: they are manual workers. But it conducts meetings and publishes periodicals unmolested. Such is the tolerance of England at war.

The legal theory is less reassuring. Sir John Anderson, the Home Secretary, startled the House and the country the other day with a set of regulations that suspend most of the liberties of Englishmen for the duration of the war. It empowers the authorities to do nearly everything that authority could wish to do when it dreams of omnipotence. It authorizes prosecutions for the expression of opinions "likely to be prejudicial to the defense of the realm or the efficient prosecution of the war." That may be aimed, as Sir John explained, primarily at the subsidized Fascist propaganda, but it might be stretched to cover every article or speech that questions the government's wisdom or efficiency.

Another regulation is directed at any action or propaganda that might cause "disaffection" in the fighting services. This would apply, as he admitted, to anyone who argued, as most of us do, that the allowances for soldiers' children are pitifully inadequate. Another fantastic clause authorized a curfew—empowered authority, that is to say, to shut us all up within doors at its pleasure. That might be useful, as he said, when Orangemen and Catholics riot in Liverpool on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. This they have done annually for two centuries: why should it call for special measures now? Most alarming of all were the unlimited powers that permit authority to detain anyone at its pleasure, without warrant or trial, for the duration of the war. It is true that an interned man may appeal to a committee that sits in private. I know part of it personally and the rest of it by repute, and I would rather trust it with my liberty than some of our judges. Only thirty-five persons have so far been detained, most of them suspected spies, and of these the committee has released six. That is no adequate answer, however. The regulation gives authority an intolerable power of intimidation. For every man it interns it may silence a hundred by a threat of ruin. The same thing is true of many other regulations.

The sequel was interesting. Sir John Anderson was the Governor of Bengal in a period of coercion. That is not a good training for leadership in England. The House was restive under him as he made his labored defense; even the Tory benches were rebellious. The Liberals, with Mr. Foot of Dundee as their protagonist, opposed with skill and determination, and a Labor leader, Mr. Morrison, who is in effect the Governor of London, backed them with spirit. The result was reassuring. A senior Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, had to rise at the close of the debate and offer a reconsideration of all these regulations in consultation with the leaders of the two Oppositions.

The danger was not, I think, that even these regulations as they stand would be much abused today. This government has blundered in all its dealing with the press, but its fault was lack of imagination and inexperience. It has certainly not been oppressive. It has not touched the Communist daily paper—neither when it agitated for the winning of this war, nor yet when it suddenly reversed the engines and called on us to stop it. Any editor who has the spirit to say what he thinks, can say it, and several do in fact use their pens boldly. Opinion so far is free: only military news is very properly censored. There is no danger as yet of suppression, but that might come at a later phase of the war, when the normal habits of peace are forgotten, amid peril. Strangely enough, this England is more truly a democracy in these days of war than it had been during the stifling years of an unreal peace. The press counts for less and the wireless for next to nothing. But Parliament is alive and influential, as it had not been for many a year. Englishmen rate more highly the values they have determined to defend.

London (air mail) H. N. BRAILSFORD

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Washington Notes

A Lotta Bushido

EXPERTS HERE do not view recent developments in the Far East with the alarm that, superficially, they would seem to merit. Despite the capture of Nanning, they doubt that Japan plans a serious offensive there, or anywhere else on the Chinese mainland. They doubt that the Japanese navy has any immediate intention, or even hope, of seizing the Dutch East Indies. Finally, they dismiss as a pipe-dream the persistent rumors that Japan means to make peace with the USSR and, as a member of a German-Russian-Japanese grand alliance, sweep the democratic powers out of Asia.

All these things may happen, the experts declare, but not right away. They think that a far more significant happening is the cautious opening of negotiations between Ambassador Grew and Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Foreign Minister. They think that these negotiations have a reasonably good chance of success. They believe that Japan—or, more accurately, that part of the Japanese community now in power—is both weak and desperate. This is why Japan is unlikely to embark on fresh military or naval adventures. As for the smiling, deep-bowing conversations now in progress between Japan and the USSR, they are thought to be inspired by (a) the desire of the Japanese to impress our State Department, and (b) the desire of Moscow to impress Messrs. Hitler and von Ribbentrop.

The Grew-Nomura negotiations are peculiarly hush-hush and eerie. The crude fact seems to be that Mr. Grew is intriguing with Japanese politicians of what used to be the liberal, or pro-democratic, group, but which is now—in contrast to the young officers and super-patriots—the conservative, big-business faction. They are the men who, up until the start of the Chinese war, were the rulers of Japan, and whose position, in the view of experts here, has become weak, even desperate. They see slowly approaching them the fate of Fritz Thyssen, who, after helping the super-patriotic Nazis to power, is now a nerve-shocked exile.

Observers here profess to know that Mr. Grew's recent "horse's-mouth" speech before the America-Japan Society, in which he lectured a distinguished Tokyo audience like a Dutch uncle, was made with the connivance of conservative Japanese politicians. These politicians wanted to make the Japanese nation aware of the perils of Japan's present policy, but themselves didn't want to say anything that could later be twisted into disloyalty to the Emperor.

The observers attempt to prove their case by the stereotyped moves, like those of a chess game, that followed. Immediately after Mr. Grew's talk, Admiral Nomura let it be known that he would welcome a chance to reach a thoroughgoing settlement with the United States. Then the Japanese professional patriots opened up a furious attack on the United States. The British government intervened to give the Japanese conservatives a victory of prestige by withdrawing its legation guards from North China. The Japanese authorities tried to put a quietus on anti-American agitation by letting it be known that the proposed Grew-Nomura negotiations weren't so important, after all, and would take many weeks. Then the Japanese army in China had its say by hazing American business men at the boundary of the Tientsin concession. Whereupon Under Secretary Welles in Washington gave a hand to the Japanese conservatives by addressing two unofficial warnings to the Japanese public. Meantime those Japanese fascists who were formerly reputed to have ties with Germany began insisting that Japan did not need the good will of the United States, that it was much more important to be friends with the USSR. So the Japanese Foreign Office is combining its annual fishery-treaty negotiations with an unenthusiastic examination of Russo-Japanese relations.

What makes the Grew-Nomura negotiations especially baffling is the practical impossibility of identifying the Japanese leaders who are behind them. Known friends of the United States among Japanese politicians and financiers, like Messrs. Watkatsuki and Dan, were driven into permanent retirement or assassinated at the beginning of the Chinese invasion. Apparently in the present temper of the country, no Japanese leader is willing to have it known, or even suspected, that he has anything but contempt for the entire white race, or favors any program except the annexa- of the whole Orient, including the Philippines and India.

No one here deludes himself by thinking that the Grew-Nomura negotiations, even if they can be carried to a conclusion, will settle the status of China. As a permanent policy, our State Department stands for a unified China, under an independent Chinese government, and for an international consortium under whose auspices foreign capital would be invested for China's development. Japan is seemingly committed to establishment of a puppet government under Wang Ching-wei. Probably the utmost that can be hoped for is a temporary understanding under which a halt can be called to harassing of our business men in China and a new United States-Japanese commercial treaty agreed to. Even this, it is regretfully realized here, would damage the prestige of Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Nationalists.

The 1940 Republican farm policy announced by Senator McNary is both immoral and exquisitely ingenious. It is immoral because the Republican Party, dominated by Eastern business, is altogether unlikely to give the farmers as generous benefit payments as the New Deal has; it is ingenious because it capitalizes the chief farm resentment against the AAA. The AAA has done very little to help either dairy or beef-cattle farmers, and these two groups are especially powerful in the northernmost farm states from Wisconsin westward. Mr. McNary proposes that AAA benefits, instead of being confined to the producers of the major export crops, will be given to farmers, whatever they grow. With this, he proposes the ending of the reciprocal trade treaties. The latter issue will arise in the approaching session of Congress, for the administration's authority to negotiate trade treaties expires July 30, 1940. Many Democratic Congressmen feel that the treaties are unpopular and dread the coming battle; Mr. Hull is expected to fight with implacable zeal.

The most curious news of the week is the reported announcement of Mayor Hague, after a visit to Hyde Park, that Mr. Paul V. McNutt is the chosen New Deal favor-

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ite for President if Mr. Roosevelt does not run again. Mr. Hague had a lengthy conference with Mr. Roosevelt, in which it was agreed that Mr. Roosevelt's close friend, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Edison, and Mr. James H. R. Cromwell, would be New Jersey's candidates for Governor and Senator, respectively, next year. Unquestionably, Mr. Hague had an intimate political discussion with Mr. Roosevelt, and has no apparent motive for misinterpreting what he heard.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Will the Armament Industry Save Us?

HERE ARE SOME FIGURES which Americans would do well to ponder. They represent the annual appropriations for national defense from 1933 to this year and the estimate recently forecast for next year:

	Army	*Navy*	*Total*
1933 ...	$ 318,331,000	$ 349,562,000	$ 667,893,000
1934 ...	205,306,000	274,388,000	479,694,000
1935 ...	212,187,000	321,411,000	533,598,000
1936 ...	373,015,000	391,422,000	764,437,000
1937 ...	359,028,000	497,084,000	856,112,000
1938 ...	431,564,000	596,278,000	1,027,842,000
1939 ...	489,607,000	672,968,000	1,162,575,000
1940 ...	1,000,000,000	760,000,000	1,760,000,000
1941 ...	1,700,000,000	1,300,000,000	3,000,000,000

—a rise from $668,000,000 in 1933 to $1,700,000,000 in this fiscal year and a proposed $3,000,000,000 for next. Mr. Roosevelt subsequently mentioned a figure of $2,250,000,000 for 1941.

Does this mean anything to people who have always abhorred militarism? Where is the money for all this to come from? This has been accomplished little by little—when the minds of the people were on other subjects and when there was a tolerance of government spending for recovery purposes.

Is this the new industry which the country has been praying for? The armament industry? Is this the way we are to build up a new field of industrial activity, to provide work for our people—on armaments? I suppose I ought to apologize for mentioning this. Yet my recollection is that as long as I have known the liberal and progressive movement in all its forms it has been bitterly opposed to armaments and, above all, to armament economics. But now when new leaders—gentlemen like those great liberals, Mr. McNutt and Mr. Woodring and Mr. Louis Johnson, functioning as the President's interference in putting over this thing on the country—appear in these strange fields of liberalism, I suppose all men who have hated these things should fling over their beliefs and follow the new leaders. When a liberal or even a socialist now criticizes these vast outlays, the people will ask, What's eating him?

I recall a day back in 1927 or 1928—a day when there was a rumpus of some sort going on in Washington about the poor farmers. They were, as usual, in trouble and were multiplying their troubles by two or three and statesmen from the rutabaga belt were kicking up a fuss in the House about the farmer and his woes and, if I recall, demanding a little something or other from the federal treasury. I dropped in on a Wall Street broker and found him in a state of towering wrath against the farmers. His complaint against them seemed to be that they refused to be realists: "Somebody has got to knock it into the heads of the farmers that there are just too many of them. Farming has changed and the damn fools simply refuse to recognize it." The burden of his complaint was that the farmers should just give up farming and go into some other line—what line, where, how, he did not divulge, but his impatience with the dumbness of the brutes was impressive to behold.

Looking back over the Wall Street of that day one can see how these gentlemen never dreamed that they would actually be brought down lower than the farmers and that a farmer, sitting on his front porch, might be saying to his city visitor: "The trouble with those fellers in Wall Street is that they refuse to be realists. Somebody has got to knock it into their heads that there are just too many of them."

If anyone doubts the truth of this, behold this sad array of figures. They show the commissions earned by brokerage houses in 1929 and in 1938:

1929	$227,248,182
1938	42,537,781

These are the sad statistics that have just been published by the Stock Exchange. But that isn't all. The stockbroker's commissions have always been the smallest part of his profits. The commissions are, in fact, pin money. This is not true of a few large firms which specialize in pure brokerage business. But for the general run of broker, the money with which he bought his yachts, his Park Avenue residences, his *objets d'art* and his et ceteras, and with which he built up his wealth, he got from his speculative operations.

Alas! those have been hit far more severely than the commissions. The old pools and jiggles, the grand old racket of secondary distribution—all are in a sad state. Maybe they will return with the return of some boom or other. But they are gone now. And it really does begin to look as if the brokers will have to take the medicine they prescribed for the farmers. There just isn't enough in that racket any more for so many people. Maybe some of them should start farms—at least that way they will get more sympathy. Or government service! There's an idea.

A lot of them have already acted on that tip. There was a great exodus from the dens of vice in Wall Street to the Temples of Virtue in Washington when the New Deal came into power. Washington was full of converted sinners laboring in the vineyards of the Lord. And they did a nice job too. Then came the recovery of 1936 and most of them began dropping their monkish costumes and speeding back to their old haunts, where they found their services in the Temple had rendered them very valuable. But things are bad again. Commissions are only about half what they were in 1936 and the stock racket is even worse. But there is always the navy. And the government is about to increase the army by a hundred thousand or more. But they have simply got to be realistic about it.

And to make matters worse, they had to celebrate two Thanksgiving days this year. JOHN T. FLYNN

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Fast One

"THE ROARING TWENTIES" is a great deal more than the melodrama it has been carelessly advertised as, and therefore written down. The story is about some fast bootlegging and gunplay in the high life of prohibition New York, which was quite a time anyway, rich in the kind of motion and things exploding that keep a film alive; and it may be a happy accident, because I do not remember Raoul Walsh for anything very sensational. But there may not be so much accident either, because it is James Cagney's picture and it is the sort of subject James Cagney is likely to find something to say about. At any rate, it has a story to tell and a way to tell it without mumbling or stalling. And that's what we're here for.

The young man comes back from that other war of collective security and what a laugh: he has saved the world but it's somebody else's oyster. No job. On your way, bum, etc. He manages to cut himself in on a little fly bootlegging —a package here, a package there; he organizes a nice little group of boys, and they back trucks up to a government warehouse, take a boat of their own out and load it to the waterline, and presently he's doing all right, with a spot of his own and a place in community life. People who get in his way, he walks on their face with his feet. If you don't see what you want, take it anyway—why kill valuable time asking? He becomes the sort of direct and speedy little gentleman they built the world for.

By this time everybody, knowing Hollywood, is getting braced for the moral. Crime is riding for a fall, correct? Well, Hollywood may have had the story all set for the moral, and arranged for our young friend to go broke and get shot, all very depressing. Crime doesn't pay—except a million dollars at the box office, etc. But the hero went down partly through mooning around after some hardly interesting young heifer (the procreative urge doesn't pay); and partly through the market crash (constitutional finance doesn't pay); partly through loyalty and general square-shooting (virtue is its own reward and serves it right). The point is that Mr. Cagney is the one we pull for, the original golden boy; when he's up we're glad to see it and when he's down finally it's just rotten luck. There isn't any pay-off except that this is the way the world is made, and all sorts of people in it.

Somebody—the director, the writer, or both—did some very fine things to keep this story human: just the hint of a feeling rather than the blowing of it in your face like soapsuds, the clasped hands on a table, the single word and turn and cut, the pace of a scene determined by its mood. The songs from those years ("What'll I Do," etc.) were nicely cued in as part of a handsomely worked-out period background. And these would not have been such believable people without the solid presence and actually vivid projection of Humphrey Bogart, Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Paul Kelly. But apparently it is easy to work at your best in a picture with Cagney, who knows what's what and is even gentle, but more or less takes over. In pictures this goes even farther than the stage phenomenon of a cast raised beyond itself by some great central performance; it loosens things up and gives an actual truth to the cold lines under the white lights.

This story of one aspect of the twenties, the giddy extravagance and iron fist and bad taste in the mouth not far away, is essentially true. But it is more than that in its performance. The movies have not produced any Hamlet parts for us, but they have raised a crop of people whose movie legend and cumulative work are almost of that stature. James Cagney is one of them, and it is hard to say what our impression of the total American character would have been without him. He is all crust and speed and snap on the surface, a gutter-fighter with the grace of dancing, a boy who knows all the answers and won't even wait for them, a very fast one. But underneath, the fable: the quick generosity and hidden sweetness, the anti-fraud straight-as-a-string dealing, the native humor and reckless drive—everything everybody would like to be, if he had the time sometime. But always this, always: if as a low type he is wrong, you are going to see why. In spite of writers, directors and decency legions you are going to see the world and what it does to its people through his subtle understanding of it. And in "The Roaring Twenties" this genuine article has had the chance of his life; he has deliberately done much that a star would refuse to attempt, because, hell, he isn't a star, he's an actor; and in this actor's range of life and death he is not only an actor but an intelligence. You do not even have to like that quicksilver personality to see its effect in art here. And if you do appreciate his personality-legend, his face on this screen will haunt your dreams.

OTIS FERGUON

The Bandwagon

KDKA. 2 P.M. Great Plays Program. ("Romeo and Juliet," dramatized.) —*From a radio-program announcement in The Pittsburgh Press.*

A sociologist who is completing a translation of the Gospels based on thirty years' investigation said today he was convinced Christ championed the profit motive and esteemed the business man as a benefactor.

Dr. William L. Bailey of Northwestern University explained his conclusions grew out of unusual interpretations. . . . "The actual meaning of the passage usually translated as 'Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor,' is 'Get going. Get into the market with your holdings, and by engaging in business activity, create a clear conscience.'" —*A. P. dispatch to The New York Post.*

Burnt Fire Dreads Child

An abandoned night club at 19 East Cedar Street, once one of the flossiest of the town's prohibition-day bright spots, was destroyed by fire this afternoon. Children have been playing there, and firemen thought the fire started because some tot was careless with a cigarette. — *The Chicago Daily News.*

Metaphor Cheevy

"He seems to have resorted to the old trick of attempting to draw a red herring across the trail in a drowning man's effort to conceal the real issues in the campaign,

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[Council President Edward J.] Jeffries said. – *News item in The Detroit Free Press.*

Trampling on the Vineyard

The Library Board today ordered its three copies of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" burned. The librarian, J. Lyon Woodruff, said the waiting list was longer than for any other book in recent history. – *United Press dispatch from East St. Louis, Ill., to The New York Times.*

Bang!

FIVE GOOD-WILL BOMBERS LAND AT RIO DE JANEIRO. – *Headline in The Baltimore Sun.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Personalities of History

[We have a folder full of letters that came in answer to Vincent Sheean's "Brumaire" (The New Republic, November 8 and 15). The majority of them are angry letters, and many of them bear the signs of that write-your-congressman group action which might be effective if any editor couldn't spot it from here to the post office (one nearly speechless correspondent severed all further connection with us on the sole basis of two articles which the correspondent named indignantly but which were printed in some other magazine). The few letters we are able to print are either typical of the several attitudes or interesting for their reasoned point of view.

Several writers came down on Mr. Sheean on the score of the capital-punishment age limit actually obtaining in the USSR. (He had it down to twelve years.) Stephen Russell of Toronto tabulates Mr. Sheean's words in November and the words of a vote of confidence in the USSR Mr. Sheean and 400 others signed in August, plus a justification of the Soviet-German pact The New Masses quoted Mr. Sheean on, September 19. Albert Carr of New York City wrote us a 1,500-word essay on the misapplication of the terms Brumaire and Thermidor. Among several rather grumpy humorists, Harold Newman of Brooklyn was "terribly put out to find the Moscow whores of Mr. Trotsky missing from Sheean's . . . sensational exposé."

Dr. M. V. Leof, who attended the 1935 Leningrad Congress of Physiology as a delegate from Philadelphia, qualifies the allusion in "Brumaire" to Pavlov's anti-Bolshevism by citing the scientist's high praise of his government in a speech before the Congress. Dr. Leof adds that the equipment lavished by the Soviet government on Pavlov's laboratories make them "the greatest experimental station for physiology and biology of this kind." In general the epithets in this difference of historical opinion ran from "base" through "swinish" to "prostitute"; and a prevalent tone was one of crossness at having been tricked into thinking and speaking of "Personal History" as a great book. – THE EDITORS]

SIR: You should never have had your editorial about Russia appear in the same issue with Mr. Sheean's pungent and well informed statements. You came out much worse than second best.

Lawrenceville, N. J. ERNEST E. RICH

SIR: I read "Brumaire" with great interest and much contempt. Sheean may be a good journalist but I am dubious as to his qualifications as an economist and critic of political conditions in the USSR.

His article is full of conclusions, hearsay and prejudice.

New York City MILTON I. MILVY

SIR: After having read Vincent Sheean's articles, I felt that I must go back to his "Personal History" and that modern saint Rayna Prohme. And after seeing and hearing Rayna Prohme again, I feel impelled to accept her judgment and echo her words. She said kindly yet tiredly, "Don't be a damned fool, Jimmy," and Vincent Sheean says that he finally understood. But it seems that now he doesn't.

For instance, he does not realize that a body of self-freed slaves in this world of masters must put themselves under the most iron discipline, must often be quick and violent in their suppression of opposition, must be "tyrannous" in order to be strong. For their weapons are less efficient than those of their enemies, and they are outnumbered ten to one. And most of all, they see their slave brothers caught in poverty and war. Soon, there will be presented to them a duty, a duty to the cosmic spirit of creation, and they must be prepared to fulfill it.

And Vincent Sheean does not see that a group in time of stress works better if there are man-symbols to be worshiped, Lincolns to be heroicized, sentimentalized and perhaps childishly and mechanically lauded. He does not see the fundamental point: that despite the existence of executives and heroes, the dual class system is forever gone in this new world. For twelve years now, he has not been there, and he simply does not know what it is like.

Lastly, Vincent Sheean does not realize that the self-freed slaves, through their union of nations, postpone war and make it less awful. Because of the organized people of that vast Eurasian

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plain, masters hesitate to arm their slaves, hesitate to give battle orders after the slaves are armed.

I wish that again Mr. Sheean might be told to look about him, to think—and not to be a "damned fool." He is too good a man, and too able.

Iowa City, Iowa WORLD DEMOCRAT

SIR: Both I and the group who have read The New Republic with me do not care for a publication that will admit to its pages such a perversion of truth as Vincent Sheean's "Brumaire." We have grown familiar with the pattern, the invariable desertion of "liberals" in any great crisis of world or national affairs.

Atlanta, Ga. ANONYMOUS

SIR: The consequences of Vincent Sheean's rejection of Stalinism should prove as salutary as his articles were principled and uncompromising. Relatively without sin, he has cast a very effective stone. Perhaps now a multitude of tongues mute with grief and consternation will find the courage to speak. It is high time. The Revolution is dead; long live the Revolution! There may not be time for this generation to get the locomotive started again. But we may at least remove the dead hand of the past from the controls.

Miami Beach, Fla. WARD MALKIN

SIR: In his recent articles Vincent Sheean seems to me to be struggling with two points of view, each of which is totally destructive of the other. He very sensibly says that "ends are nothing susceptible of present proof," and that the "objectives [of Soviet foreign policy] are no longer such as can be foreseen with justifiable confidence by any man living." On these grounds he very reasonably revokes all his faith in any sympathy for the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. If he cannot understand its aims, there is no reason why he should support it.

But Mr. Sheean reconsiders, and decides he can understand the Soviet foreign policy by thinking of Russia as a fascist state. He says, "you cannot assume 'inherent' rights of the kind indicated in the Soviet-Nazi partition of Europe unless you have departed altogether from the fundamental beliefs of socialism." What are the facts behind this judgment? It is no fundamental belief of socialism, as I understand the term, that force is never to be used against any state in any circumstances.

If he had said that he did not understand the purposes of the Soviet Union, Mr. Sheean could not be contradicted. But he has gone in for mind-reading instead of honest ignorance. Now he tells us that the purposes he has uncovered in Stalin's mind are inconsistent with the fundamental beliefs of socialism. Doubtless they are. But first let us be sure that they are in Stalin's mind. Or let us judge from the facts. The world is full of suffering idealists, these days, who find it terribly, terribly inconsistent that socialism should be adulterated with practicality, and who would fight like blazes for a *real* socialism—which, unfortunately, they can't find anywhere outside their own heads.

New York City ROBERT M. KRAPP

Try Again

SIR: Took me a couple of years but I finally cracked the code, Who Writes Washington Notes?

Some time ago General Johnson made a crack about "these Rover Boys of Washington peephole journalism." I had carefully checked the entire membership of the congressional gallery, as given out by Editor & Publisher, and no correspondent bore initials "T. R. B."

Then in the syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," appeared a squib concerning the fight to continue the La Follette investigation. Shortly thereafter an item similar in tone and wording was published in The New Republic over those maddening initials.

I put 2 & 2 together and got: Pearson and Allen are The Rover Boys. Q.E.D.: T.R.B.

Send the fur-lined waffle iron to

Steubenville, Ohio RICHARD TAYLOR

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, asks readers of good will to send books for the Campaign's rental-library project. "Although the income from our rental library will not be a great sum, still if we can establish five more 'white corners' for the Spanish children. . . ." If you wish only to lend the books, the library promises good care of them, and their return (packages marked "book rate" go at 1½ cents a pound). . . . George C. Ault of Woodstock, New York, rapped back at two fan letters for James Benét's view of Russia (the letters were printed November 8, and counseled us to "read up on Lenin's writings"). Mr. Ault says that it wouldn't stretch a point too far if the correspondents and even our good friend Jim himself "read up on any Communist literature published since 1933 and up to about August 1, 1939." . . . Many of our correspondents liked the anniversary number well enough to write about it. Rosalie Supples of New York City was surprised, however, that there was in it no article on the promise of consumers' coöperatives, the potential value of which she thinks we may miss. And Kenneth C. Walker, an Albany pastor, points out in a very nice letter that we might have had something about the promise in American life of religion.

William Atkinson of Winter Hall, Massachusetts, has done quite a lot of thinking about making America a safer place to live in, and in one section of a letter too long for our space proposes a bill that might take the profits out of war: corporations engaged in any phase of munitions sales shall not pay dividends in any year larger than the average dividends per share over the previous five years; and furthermore no individual or corporation may sell munitions to any foreign country whatever. He says that's the only way to make it stick and thinks we ought to say as much. . . . Mrs. Frederick D. Connigh of Chicago has just got back from abroad and reports she had the most courteous assistance everywhere. Her experience was that if Americans get shoved around at all, it is not half what their pushing bad manners have asked for.

The Second Class Mailbox—The National Council to Aid Agricultural Workers, with offices in New York City and an impeccable list of sponsors, is getting out some very effective publicity, the sample folder they sent us being a graphic "Letter from the South" about the condition of evicted sharecroppers, with text and pictures. . . . John C. Rogers sends us a letter printed in The Washington Post from the chairman of a Norfolk Prosperity Movement. The chairman, who apparently fills it to overflowing, wishes to say there is no real-estate boom in Norfolk. True, they are short 5,000 houses. They rejected a federal slum-clearance plan for building those houses and are proud of it. They are against such "socialist" schemes, but not against sitting on their hands.

There is also the matter of the business cards of "Philip Campbell Argyle-Stuart (Pen name. Age 28) Phillip Glassell Miller, Norwood, Massachusetts." Mr. M. encloses a rather soulful photograph and two offers. For physicians and surgeons he will aid in and confirm "diagnosis via astronomy," including "approximate time and manner of death" for $2 (cash in advance). On the stock market he cannot be had so easily. "Complete instructions calculated for you personally for one year for making money" will set you back $136.

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Winter Book Number

Lincoln as War Leader

WITH THESE FOUR VOLUMES[1] Carl Sandburg completes the life of Lincoln begun in "The Prairie Years." Taking the total achievement, there is nothing in historical literature that I know quite comparable with it.

I generally distrust the meeting of perfect writer and perfect theme. There is a blueprint seemliness about such conjunctions that rarely issues in a creative product. The surprising thing about Sandburg writing on Lincoln is that in this case the results are good: the democrat, the poet, the story-teller, the earthy Midwesterner, the singer of the people has managed somehow to write about another democrat who was also something of a poet in his way and a vast story teller and an earthy Midwesterner and a product of the popular mass. He has sought to depict him on a canvas broader than anything else in American biography: over 2,000 pages of text, hundreds of illustrations, a hundred pages of index. Even the four-volume Beveridge "Marshall," expanded by long discussions of cases and decisions, seems dwarfed. Sandburg has brought to his theme a brooding vigor and compassion, a precision of detail, a lyricism, a gusto for people and experience, that would be hard to match among American writers. And the work he has given us is not only a biography of Lincoln and a history of the Civil War. It is itself a battlefield, a sprawling panorama of people and issues and conflicts held together only by Sandburg's absorption with the central figure.

The historian's art has been narrowed by the academies to the point of making people believe that there is only one right way of setting down a history. Sandburg's way is as characteristically his own as Carlyle's was when he wrote of Cromwell. It is the right way for him because through it he can best express his own basic drives and outlook. He is in these books three things: reporter, poet, lover.

As reporter he sets down what happened with the athletic matter-of-factness that the best journalists put into their craft. But it is a reporter who has a million and a half words at his disposal, and so Sandburg empties his notebooks into his pages. But while nothing is too minute to be put in, there are no superfluous interpretations. The facts are allowed to speak for themselves, yet almost always they are so arranged (with a simplicity that almost conceals the cunning) that they do speak and have something to say. And Sandburg has the reporter's passion for concreteness. We always learn the exact numbers of everything, the exact look of everyone who enters the story. There is something even a bit frightening about the detail. I think I can understand Sandburg's intent: the Lincoln literature has grown so vast that a definitive factual work was needed to gather together everything available and valid. The result has one great flaw: the sense one gets of a curious one-dimensional plane, in which the detail gets the same loving attention as the big event, at a considerable sacrifice of perspective. Sandburg is a little like a painter in the primitive style. He is your true democratic historian. In his universe all facts, once they have been validated, are free and equal. Yet he gives his material thereby an unforced character that should cause the biographers who come after him to bless him. Unless I miss my guess, Sandburg's Lincoln will become an inexhaustible storehouse from which will be drawn a myriad of other Lincolns.

There is also Sandburg the poet. A poet turning to biography and history is likely to flaunt his Muse or, by an inversion, to be ashamed of it and suppress it. Not Sandburg. The America of Lincoln, the teeming years of suffering and battle and greatness, lie drenched in the moonlight of his lyricism. The Sandburg here is the Sandburg of the Chicago poems, celebrating America and the obscure ways of life, setting his words down with neither elegance nor precision but with a curious random obliqueness that nevertheless manages almost always to reach its object. "Out of the smoke and the stench, out of the music and violet dreams of the war, Lincoln stood perhaps taller than any other of the many great heroes." Thus Sandburg. What biographer who was not Sandburg's kind of poet would dare say "music and violet dreams" when describing war, or juxtapose "violet dreams" with "the smoke and the stench"? Yet while there are passages verging on the dithyrambic, particularly at the end of chapters, the whole tone of the book has a quietness and restraint that only one who has mastered his subject and is sure of it could afford.

I have mentioned Sandburg the lover. I know of no other word that will describe the twelve years spent in wooing the material, the care lavished on every detail; or the complete identification with the subject that allows him to analyze Lincoln without once raising his voice in shrillness, and with the effortlessness of what might almost be an introspective reverie. Nor do I know of any other word to describe the deep and shrewd tenderness for common people throughout the book, such as one might expect from the author of "The People, Yes."

Sandburg has evidently taken care not to write the sort of contemporary book that underlines the parallels between yesterday and today. He has given us Lincoln the man, Lincoln the war President, America in the war years. If there are morals to be drawn for today, he has left it to us to draw them.

I am not averse to drawing my own. But one does not need the stimulus of the modern instance to find excitement in the task of human interpretation that every Lincoln biographer has faced. Sandburg's Lincoln stands out not for its sharpness of thesis but for its very lack of the monistic view. It has a catholicity and an unforced quality that are rare in biography, without succumbing to mere straddling and the colorless. One gets the external man and the internal tensions. There is no attempt to prettify, to play down crudities and failings; neither is there any hint of exploiting them. All the lumbering awk-

[1] Abraham Lincoln: The War Years, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 4 vols., 2,503 pages, illustrated. $20 the set (limited edition, 500 sets at $50 each).

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wardness of the man is there, his gropings and fumblings, the way he entered the reception room at the White House and made people feel he was the man in the room who was least at home. But the simplicity of the man is also there—a simplicity which, in Emerson's phrase about him, was "the perfection of manners."

Throughout the book we find ourselves on the verge of the symbolic. To quote Emerson again on Lincoln: "He exerts the enormous power of this continent in every hour, in every conversation, in every act." Sandburg spells that out in detail, while he never lets us lose the sense of the symbolic relation between Lincoln and the American energies. And he manages also to convey Lincoln's tortured sense that there had been imposed on him a task too great for human to bear. It is here that one strikes the deepest chord in Lincoln. The fatality of it: that he, with his tenderness for everything living, should become the instrument of death for tens of thousands; that he, who always saw the danger of men's control over men, should have in his hand the destinies of millions; that he, who always shrank from action, should at the peril of his people be galvanized into a train of actions with vast inscrutable consequences. From this standpoint there are two peaks in the book: the chapter on Lincoln's laughter and religion, and the analysis of how Lincoln had to tell his stories in order to relieve the intolerable tensions within him; and the chapters on the assassination and the country's mourning. To the latter especially Sandburg brings his most complete gifts, telling the story with the subdued reverence of a passion play, and with a fatality as if the actors were moving in a dream. Here one reaches great writing.

It is a bit of luck for us that these volumes should appear just when the question of the conduct of the war by democracies is so much in our minds. One will not find here, as in the Baker volumes on Wilson, much discussion of the now frayed theme of American neutrality. But there is a store of stuff on the question of what happens to a democracy when it goes to war.

Lincoln has gone down in American history as one of the "strong" Presidents, who flouted constitutional restrictions and established a dictatorship in order to win the war. The view is not without its truth. Yet never has a government waged as fierce a war as Lincoln had to wage, and departed so little from the democratic spirit. Lincoln the war President, Lincoln the Commander-in-Chief of the national armies, Lincoln who suspended *habeas corpus* when it seemed an indispensable measure and who backed up the arrest and expulsion of Vallandigham by General Burnside—that Lincoln never ceased to be also Lincoln the humanist and Lincoln the democrat. He was sore pressed as no American President has ever been. He made mistakes, but as one reads the Sandburg volumes they seem to have been mainly on the side of excessive tolerance rather than lust for power. He had to deal with all the plagues that beset a war government—the militarist mind, the messianic mind, the bureaucratic mind; with war passions and hysteria, with patrioteers, with the lynching spirit, with lethargy, with an opposition so bitter it verged continually on sabotage and treason. He had no genius for organization, little capacity for delegation, little administrative ability as it is generally understood. But with all these limitations he never once lost sight of the main chance. He had a way of cleaving to the heart of a problem that baffled subtler and more expert and sophisticated minds. There were men around him with more powerful wills, men with a greater commitment to humanitarian and radical values. But there was no one who saw better than Lincoln the dilemma and task of a democracy at war: how to win the war with the minimum sacrifice of traditional liberties and democratic values.

In a world in which the leaders of war democracies are the Daladiers and Chamberlains and Churchills, we have reason to be proud of Lincoln. We have reason to be proud that with every opportunity for setting up a dictatorship, he did not succumb; with every opportunity for betraying democratic values under the guise of war necessity, he did not succumb. Long before the end of the war he was giving his best thought to the problem of a humane peace and a constructive plan for rebuilding the defeated states. I have no intention of saying that Lincoln was wholly consistent in the strength of his humanism. There were forces in American life that proved too powerful for him, for the cause of the North was tied up with the cause of a predatory capitalism, and the Reconstruction that followed Lincoln's death was almost arid of either democratic or human values. Yet there was never a time when it was more important for us than now to know the capacity of a democracy to turn up greatness of Lincoln's sort from its humblest sons—a greatness that will survive the grime and savagery of war.

If I read my own Lincoln somewhat into Sandburg's pages, there is room for others as well. He has given the coming generations the material out of which to construct a myriad of Lincoln images. All the material is there—from the day that Lincoln boarded the train at Springfield to ride to his inauguration, down to the day when his coffin was placed in a flower-heaped vault in the Springfield he had left. What four years were crowded between those two boundaries! The hordes of people, office-seekers, handshakers; the jokes and stories, deep, illimitable stories, lighting up what was comic and contradictory in life; the grim wild humor of a President-elect conferring with his advisers as to how he might travel through Baltimore on his way to his inauguration without being lynched; the Cabinet officers, with their intrigues and jealousies; the vast decisions and petty details; the generals, and the heartbreaking search for military leadership that would be confident and firm and aggressive; the violent attacks in Congress and the press; the drama of emancipation, and the harrowing uncertainty of its consequences; Father Abraham; the see-sawing of war's fortunes; the draft riots, the desertions, the Copperheads; the unending delegations of politicians and ministers and zealots and cranks; Jay Cooke and the financing of the war; the profiteering and poverty, at one extreme costly furs bought with war profits, at the other the starving families of soldiers; the European diplomats and statesmen puzzled by this ungainly fellow who told crude stories; the faith of the masses, growing and deepening every year; the rows of hospital cots, the faces pleading and rebuking; the dream of sudden death and the deep inner conviction that it would come; the unerring course of Booth's bullet; Whitman's threnody; the grief of the people. And then the legend.

MAX LERNER

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One Hundred Notable Books: 1939

Biography and Memoirs

Daniel Boone: Master of the Wilderness, by John Bakeless. Morrow. $3.50.
Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters, by Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran. 8 vols., $39.
Men in Battle, by Alvah Bessie. Scribner's. $2.50.
Thoreau, by Henry Seidel Canby. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
The Young Melbourne, by Lord David Cecil. Bobbs Merrill. $3.
My Life, by Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
The Letters of T. E. Lawrence, edited by David Garnett. Doubleday, Doran. $5.
A Victorian in the Modern World, by Hutchins Hapgood. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Accent on Power: The Life and Times of Machiavelli, by Valeriu Marcu. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Thaddeus Stevens, by Alphonse B. Miller. Harpers. $4.
A Diary of the French Revolution, by Gouverneur Morris. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols., $9.
The Life and Times of William Howard Taft, by Henry F. Pringle. Farrar and Rinehart. 2 vols., $7.50.
The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, edited by Ralph L. Rusk. Columbia. 6 vols., $30.
Wind, Sand and Stars, by Antoine de St. Exupéry. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
Abraham Lincoln: The War Years, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. 4 vols., $20.
Arthur Rimbaud, by Enid Starkie. Norton. $3.75.
Flaubert and Madame Bovary: A Double Portrait, by Frances Steegmuller. Viking. $3.
Matthew Arnold, by Lionel Trilling. Norton. $3.50.
Days of Our Years, by Pierre van Paassen. Hillman-Curl. $3.50.
Fighting Years: The Memoirs of a Liberal Editor, by Oswald Garrison Villard. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

Fiction

Days Before Lent, by Hamilton Basso. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Death of the Heart, by Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $2.50.
The Patriot, by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.50.
Christ in Concrete, by Pietro di Donato. Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.
The Wild Palms, by William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.
Children of God, by Vardis Fisher. Harpers. $3.
Captain Horatio Hornblower, by C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. $2.75.
Wheat and Soldiers, by Corporal Ashihei Hino. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Rogue Male, by Geoffrey Household. Little, Brown. $2.
Goodbye to Berlin, by Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $2.50.
Finnegans Wake, by James Joyce. Viking. $5.
Moment in Peking, by Lin Yutang. John Day. $3.
Pale Horse, Pale Rider, by Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. Viking. $3.
Sailor Off the Bremen and Other Stories, by Irwin Shaw. Random House. $2.
The Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck. Viking. $2.75.
Johnny Got His Gun, by Dalton Trumbo. Lippincott. $2.50.
Escape, by Ethel Vance. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Night Rider, by Robert Penn Warren. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
The Day of the Locust, by Nathanael West. Random House. $2.
The Sword in the Stone, by T. H. White. Putnam's. $2.50.
The Web and the Rock, by Thomas Wolfe. Harpers. $3.

Art, Poetry, Criticism, Drama

A Treasury of Art Masterpieces, edited by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $10.
Collected Poems of Robert Frost. Holt. $5.
Collected Poetry of Robert Graves. Random House. $2.50.
The American Drama Since 1918, by Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. $2.50.
Living Thoughts Library, by Thomas Mann, André Gide and others. Longmans, Green. $1 per volume.
Art in Our Time: Catalogue of the Tenth Anniversary Exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art. $2.50.
Six Plays of Clifford Odets. Random House. $2.50 (Modern Library. 95 cents.
First Will and Testament, by Kenneth Patchen. New Directions. $2.50.
The Phaidon Editions of art masterpieces, including new volumes on Rubens and Rodin. Oxford. $2.50 and $3.
All the Brave, by Luis Quintanilla, Elliot Paul and Jay Allen. Modern Age. 95 cents.
Duino Elegies, by Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Stephen Spender and J. B. Leishman. Norton. $2.
Forces in American Criticism, by Bernard Smith. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

Science and Philosophy

The Social Function of Science, by J. D. Bernal. Macmillan. $3.50.
The Story of the Political Philosophers, by George Catlin. Whittlesey. $5.
The Races of Europe, by Carleton S. Coon. Macmillan. $7.
The Philosophy of Plato, by Raphael Demos. Scribner's. $3.
Freedom and Culture, by John Dewey. Putnam's. $2.
Paideia, by Werner Jaeger. Oxford. $3.75.
The Integration of the Personality, by C. J. Jung. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Modern Science, by Hyman Levy. Knopf. $5.
Knowledge for What? The Place of Social Science in American Culture, by Robert S. Lynd. Princeton. $2.50.
You and Heredity, by Amram Scheinfeld, with the assistance of Morton D. Schweitzer. Stokes. $3.

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Moses and Monotheism, by Sigmund Freud. Knopf. $3.
A History of Science, Technology and Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century, by A. Wolf. Macmillan. $8.

American History and Politics

America in Midpassage, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan. $5.
The Hudson, by Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
These Are Our Lives, compiled by members of the Federal Writers' Project under the direction of W. T. Couch. North Carolina. $2.
The A. T. & T., by N. R. Danielian. Vanguard. $3.75.
Law and Politics: Occasional Papers of Felix Frankfurter. Edited by Archibald MacLeish and E. F. Prichard Jr. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Financing Government, by Harold M. Groves. Holt. $5.
Dividends to Pay, by E. D. Kennedy. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
Five Cities, by George R. Leighton. Harpers. $3.50.
Ideas Are Weapons: The History and Uses of Ideas, by Max Lerner. Viking. $3.50.
Industrial Valley, by Ruth McKenney. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Factories in the Field, by Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Words That Won the War, by James R. Mock and Cedric Larson. Princeton. $3.75.
After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley. Harpers. $3.
Propaganda for War, by H. C. Peterson. Oklahoma. $3.
American Guide Series, by Members of the Federal Writers' Project. Some of the best of those published during the year are "Alaska," by Merle Colby (Macmillan, $3); "The New York City Guide" (Random House, $3); and "The Oregon Trail" (Hastings House, $2).

The World at Large

Poland: Key to Europe, by Raymond Leslie Buell. Knopf. $3.
The British Common People: 1746-1938, by G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate. Knopf. $4.
The End of Economic Man, by Peter Drucker. John Day. $2.50.
Betrayal in Central Europe, by G. E. R. Gedye. Harpers. $3.50.
Inside Asia, by John Gunther. Harpers. $3.50.
The Defense of Britain, by Liddell Hart. Random House. $3.50.
Mein Kampf, by Adolf Hitler. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.
Vanishing Lands: A World Survey of Soil Erosion, by G. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte. Doubleday, Doran. $4.
The Fall of the Russian Monarchy, by Bernard Pares. Knopf. $5.
Mohammed and Charlemagne, by Henri Pirenne. Norton. $3.50.
The Revolution of Nihilism, by Hermann Rauschning. Alliance. $3.
Not Peace But a Sword, by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.
Stalin: A Critical Survey of Bolshevism, by Boris Souvarine. Alliance. $4.50.
In Stalin's Secret Service, by W. G. Krivitsky. Harpers. $3.
Union Now: A Proposal for a Federal Union of the Leading Democracies, by Clarence Streit. Harpers. $3.
Reaching for the Stars, by Nora Waln. Little, Brown. $3.
The Thirty Years War, by C. V. Wedgwood. Yale. $4.50.
The Fate of Man, by H. G. Wells. Alliance. $2.50.
The Forgotten Peace: Brest-Litovsk, March, 1918, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Morrow. $5.

This list, compiled by The New Republic staff with the help of our reviewers, is intended to cover the hundred new books of 1939 that have the most interest for our own times. Mention here does not imply that we approve of a book or agree with its author (as note the inclusion of "Mein Kampf"). Books by New Republic editors—"An Economic Constitution for Democracy" and "Sidney Hillman," both by George Soule, and "Books That Changed Our Minds," edited by Malcolm Cowley and Bernard Smith—were not considered for the list. —THE EDITORS

Farmer Boy of '76

If Not Victory, by Frank O. Hough. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.50.

IN THIS novel about the American Revolutionary War, Frank Hough has recorded one of the uncomfortable truths of that conflict (uncomfortable for super-patriots); he has also written a tract for our time, for any time when political differences force unwilling men to take up arms with unsettled consciences. Abe Kronkhyte was a Westchester farmer's son who didn't understand the reasons for the Revolution and cared less. His loyalty to the local Tory squire was a personal one; his only restlessness came from the boredom of working a ninety-acre farm. Enlisted as a Tory militiaman while drunk and winding up with the American army through the exigencies of war, his mind remained neutral when his eyes saw the same crimes against the civilian population countenanced by both sides.

The truth (the uncomfortable one) was that the farmers of Westchester County weren't interested in the war. They wanted to be left alone to work their land, and their loyalties changed with the fortunes of the armies. They couldn't afford patriotism and they didn't have time for idealism. A man hated the side that plundered him and, as both sides plundered with equal voracity, there wasn't much to choose from. If Abe Kronkhyte and thousands of others came to believe in the American cause, it was because British cruelty exceeded American, and revenge became the order of the day. But this "average man"—like the average man in Europe today—never found the issues clear and knew only that the conflict made a shambles of all he'd ever hoped or worked for.

All this comes through in a story so quietly told that its impact remains after the central yarn of battle, capture, escape and final resolve begins to dim, although the narrative itself is good enough to make it a one-sitting book. At the end you'll wonder how the Americans, divided as they were, ever managed to achieve their victory. But most of all this fine, unpretentious novel, devoid of fake historical color, shows you what war can mean to ordinary people caught in its path. MAX GISSEN

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THOREAU

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"SIMPLY enchanting, as delightful reading as ever you found between covers. . . . Thoreau comes alive, boy and man, oddity and genius, narrowly and straitly a New Englander, broadly and universally a man, touching, pitiable, majestic, symbol and distillation of humanity, as we have never seen him before." — *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.* Illus., $3.75

MY LIFE

The Autobiography of HAVELOCK ELLIS

"IN all of modern literature there is no more honest, no stranger chronicle of married love in fiction or in recorded fact." — *Chicago Tribune.* "A great love story, greatly felt and greatly revealed. . . . Do not miss this book." — *Bernard de Voto.* Illus., $3.75.

INCREDIBLE ERA

The Life and Times of Warren Gamaliel Harding,

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"SAGACIOUS, illuminating, completely engrossing." — *Alexander Woollcott.* "This racy and true story is well named, for it possesses elements of complete incredibility." — *Claude M. Fuess.* Illus., $3.00.

TIMETABLE FOR TRAMPS

A EUROPEAN TESTAMENT BY TIBOR KOEVES

A GAY, sophisticated account of the philosophy of the perfect traveler, translated from the Hungarian. $3.00.

50 BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THIS large, handsome and well-selected volume is a safe Christmas gift for people of every taste. $3.00.

THE GOVERNMENT AT YOUR SERVICE

By ARCHIE ROBERTSON

A HANDBOOK of Federal help for the citizen. The Government maintains hundreds of useful services. This book tells how you can use them. $2.75.

HANDBOOK OF THE WAR

By JOHN C. de WILDE, DAVID H. POPPER and EUNICE CLARK

WRITTEN since the fall of Poland and the "peace offensive," this is the first factual guide to the strange new war in Europe. $2.00.

A DIARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Edited by BEATRIX CARY DAVENPORT

THE diaries of Gouverneur Morris, irresistible lover, ambassador to the court of Louis XVI, and an American Pepys. "First-hand, first-rate, first-class memoirs." — *Carl Van Doren.* 2 vols., Illus., $9.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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The Year in Science

TWO VOLUMES, both by top-ranking British scientists, emphasize the increasing social awareness of scientific literature within the past few years. In his aptly named "Science for the Citizen," published last year (Knopf, $5), Lancelot Hogben gives us an encyclopedic popular review of scientific knowledge in terms of its socio-economic backgrounds, concluding with a persuasive appeal for a "new social contract" based upon the somewhat mystical workings of what the author calls "scientific humanism." Equally vigorous but far more tough-minded, J. D. Bernal, in "The Social Function of Science" (Macmillan, $3.50), exposes the terrible contradictions between "what science does" in a world of savagely belligerent economic systems and "what science could do" if social planning were to become more than the pious shibboleth of mutually distrustful economists, engineers, philosophers and humanitarians.

Bridging the gap between Hogben's idealism and Bernal's Marxist approach, is Professor Hyman Levy, another of England's gifted insurgents against the orthodox view of science as above the battle. In "Modern Science" (Knopf, $5), Levy presents us with what is, in effect, a closely reasoned 700-page manifesto proclaiming the essential unity between scientific ideas, technical discoveries and social development. Superficially, his book is a stimulating and masterly account of what we know about the external world and of the various mathematical and technical procedures by which that knowledge has been obtained. But as the reader digs in—not an easy matter, by any means—he becomes aware that his whole attitude toward science is being vitalized by the author's subtle linking of the most abstruse concepts with their technical equivalents, their industrial, economic and political setting, to reveal a dialectical continuum whose final term is Man in Society.

The secret of Levy's remarkable achievement lies partly in his ability to interpret the fundamental ideas of physical science, not in terms of absolute laws valid to the last electron, but of statistical regularities allowing for a margin of the "unpredictable"—not "freedom" in the sense intended by such idealists as Jeans, Whitehead and Eddington. But, unlike many other scientists who are equally hard-headed, Levy utilizes the powerful instrument of statistical regularity in natural phenomena to demonstrate the *implicit* dialectic of all scientific procedure, and to plead for its conscious application by the entire community to the bewildering but by no means hopeless contradictions now running amok on the social level.

In this he is in substantial accord not only with Bernal but also with J. B. S. Haldane, P. M. S. Blackett, Marcel Prenant and a growing band of the younger scientists now faced with war and turmoil over half the world. These men would gladly subscribe to Levy's contention—expressed in the thought-provoking Epilogue of his fine book—that "Science is not the prerogative of any one class or of any one competitive group," and that if Science is to get anywhere Society must stop drifting nowhere.

Not of the same importance in the world of ideas, but of real value for the scientifically inclined layman, are such competent popularizations of current trends as "Atoms in Action," by George Russell Harrison (Morrow, $3.50) and "Science Today and Tomorrow," by Waldemar Kaempffert (Viking, $2.50). Both of these are what might be called "gadget books," since each of them deals with the astonishing array of new products, processes and theories uncovered by the laboratories in their endless quest for the ultimate in all forms of human betterment. Dr. Harrison's book is especially notable for its wealth of information and for the staggering possibilities technically feasible—but economically *verboten*—which it opens up. Neither he nor Dr. Kaempffert, however, comes to grips with the classic question of what we are going to do about it.

In the biological sciences, there are several worth-while items. If it were not for his obsession with plausible but highly questionable analogies, Caryl P. Haskins' "Of Ants and Men" (Prentice-Hall, $2.75) would be ideal reading for amateur naturalists with a flair for observation in field and garden. And if there is a microscope handy we have the really excellent "Man Against Microbe" (Macmillan, $2.50), in which Dr. Joseph W. Bigger, an English bacteriologist, tells a fascinating story of Antony van Leeuwenhoek's "little beasties." The same subject is handled with remarkable skill and charm in a small book written by Hugh Nicol for the popular Pelican series published—at the ridiculously low price of 25 cents—by the English Penguin Books, but now available in this country. "Microbes by the Million" it is called—and if it is not your idea of what a really popular science book should be, you do not belong among the fortunate fifty thousand readers for whom the first edition was intended.

We come now to the strange case of Earnest Albert Hooton, the "Gloomy Dean" of American anthropology, whose lurid pronouncements on apes, men and morons have fluttered the editorial dovecotes of Time and Life. The case is strange because Dr. Hooton, by reason of his very great knowledge of man the animal, should be exempt from the Cassandra complex that leads him to belittle the equally great potentialities of man the shaper and builder. The curious juxtaposition of knowledge and irrationality, of hope and despair, of shrewd analysis and wrong-headed judgment speaks from every page of "The Twilight of Man" (Putnam's, $3), a volume of miscellaneous articles and essays summarizing the results of Hooton's long juggling with skulls and crossbones, spinal columns, cephalic indices and "criminal" types.

From this book—which is written with a fine flair for quips and aphorisms—one can, and does, learn a great deal of value concerning the biological paradoxes of *homo sapiens*. A central section on the "Making and Mixing of Human Races," and an exceptionally acute diagnosis of the common attitude toward the Jews, reveal Hooton in his more sober vein—even despite the now familiar wail about the variegated "criminality" of specific physical types. Nor need there be any disagreement with the author's plea for more and better education along strictly biological lines. What the ordinarily intelligent reader will not understand is why Hooton should pay so much homage to the human

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A CHRISTMAS LIST

Constancia de la Mora's
IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR

The autobiography of a Spanish woman, whose life has paralleled the recent course of Spanish history, whose brilliant book has been praised by Hemingway, Vincent Sheean, Leland Stowe, by leading reviewers everywhere.
Just out, $3.00

Louis Filler's
CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM

The first integrated study of the muckrakers, their ideas and campaigns, their books and magazines, their importance in the development of American democracy.
Just out, $3.50

Lewis Jacobs'
THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM

A history of the American movie, from the days when it was "Edison's toy" to its present powerful position in our economic, social, and cultural life. Far and away the most complete book in the field.
With photographs, $4.50

Felix Frankfurter's
LAW AND POLITICS

The collected papers of Mr. Justice Frankfurter, revealing his position on most of the vital questions of American political life. $3.00

William Saroyan's
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Saroyan's new play, now a smash hit in New York, has put him right on top in the field of playwriting. Praised by critics as a milestone in the drama.
Just out in book form, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
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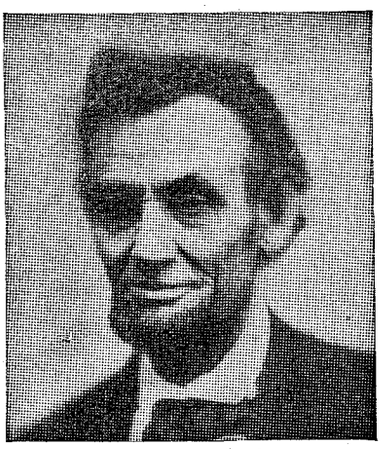
The Great Book on the Greatest American Subject



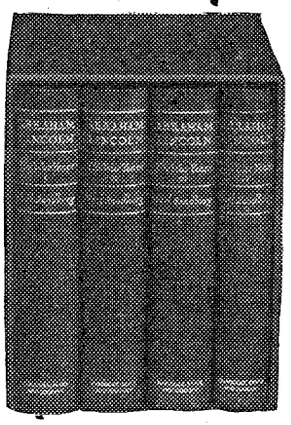
Lincoln's last photograph, April 10, 1865. Five days later he was assassinated.

Carl Sandburg's
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE WAR YEARS

This is the story of Abraham Lincoln, from his inauguration in 1861 to his death and funeral in 1865. It also tells as completely as possible the story of the American nation in those years.

"I think it is difficult for anyone to read these volumes and not come out, at the end, with a renewed faith in the democracy that Lincoln believed in and a renewed belief in the America he sought . . . Yes, a mountain range of a book. And there never was a better time for it than this year of our Lord 1939."
—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, *The Atlantic Monthly*

This Year's Gift



Four volumes, 2,503 pages of text, including a complete index, boxed. With 414 reproductions from photographs ("Superbly selected—a magnificent and extensive gallery," says *The Atlantic*) and 124 linecuts of cartoons, documents, and letters. Price, $20 the set.

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brain as the one organ of man's salvation—and then hold it to a significant degree accountable for a whole flock of evils that are demonstrably due to its social misuse and not at all to its biological perversities. The trouble with Hooton, in fact, is that his own extremely competent and energetic brain has failed to develop to the point at which the disdained "social" sciences could fertilize it.

That is why one turns with a sense of relief to another book covering very much the same ground: "You and Heredity," by Amram Scheinfeld and Dr. Morton D. Schweitzer (Stokes, $3). Here, in the language of the man in the street, attentive to his questions and respectful of his difficulties, is a really admirable popular review of genetics, or the science of how we come to be what we are. Mr. Scheinfeld, himself a layman of fine journalistic ability, has had the great good sense to check his own knowledge against that of many experts, including his able collaborator, and the result is a book crammed with useful information on every aspect of human heredity. Especially notable are the chapters describing the actual mechanisms of inheritance; how the so-called "black" or lethal genes work (with ingenious tables for prediction—to be used with care!); what happens when twins are born, and why—illustrated by the Dionne quintuplets; and—at considerable length—the vexed question of the inheritance of talent, aptitude and genius. (One quite long chapter, based on studies by Mr. Scheinfeld, is a real contribution to our understanding of musical talent.) There is, of course, much about sex, race and the social factors in human breeding—and a wealth of drawings, diagrams and illustrations very much superior to the rather idiotic sketches by which Hooton sought to enliven his own lugubrious meditations.

All in all, the year in scientific books has been a good year.

HAROLD WARD

The Year in Philosophy

THE MOST SPECTACULAR event in recent philosophy was the sudden rise and worldwide spread of Logical Positivism. This doctrine alone seemed to answer adequately to that far flung post-war spirit of disillusionment which so readily gave up the belief in fixed ideals and standards and the possibility of a knowledge reaching beyond the here and now. "The lost generation" thought it better to strain for present clarity than for ultimate truth. It thought that many of our follies could be traced to the attempt on the part of finite men to be at once comprehensive and profound. The positivists were moderns, hard-headed and disillusioned, furnishing a haven for those weary of discourse regarding things that could not be precisely expressed, or seen and touched.

No well known philosopher was swayed by the doctrine. But it made a strong appeal to men who had just ventured on a philosophic career, for it promised to make a clean break with the past and its apparently conflicting conclusions and insoluble problems. It also fascinated a considerable number of students of logic, mathematics and science, for they saw it as the only theoretical view that expressed what they were doing and what they could recognize as true. The positivists turned a strong feeling into a powerful movement, and unified a multiplicity of related interests into a single view, which they defended and developed through the use of a new method and a new tool.

The positivists contended that only those assertions whose truth could be checked by the methods of modern science were at once intelligent and significant, worthy of being uttered by men both dispassionate and sound. Philosophy, they held, was but a science of analysis. Symbolic logic was their instrument, and the clarification of scientific procedure and results their goal. They dismissed traditional theology, metaphysics, poetry, ethics, history and politics as tissues of senseless sounds, possessed of no shred of meaning. The best one could do for them was to show that the first three had nothing intelligible to say, and that the last three could conceivably be forced to assume the shape of a respectable science, if only they would abandon all talk about the good, the true and the right. Positivism, however, never really tackled history or politics, though Moritz Schlick, one of the founders of the movement, did make an attempt in his "Problems of Ethics," translated by David Rynin (Prentice-Hall, $2), to treat ethics as a factual science concerned solely with the causes which motivate human conduct and evaluations.

Today Logical Positivism has collapsed even more suddenly than it arose. The leading figures in the movement have already changed its name, shifted their emphases and withdrawn their claims, and almost everyone else takes pains to affirm that if he is a positivist, he is a positivist with a difference. The movement will undoubtedly be heard from for a time, for it has pledged itself to the publication of a new journal and an International Encyclopedia of Unified Science. But at the international congress which was held at Cambridge in September, and in which almost every active member participated, it was evident to all that it had nothing more to say. The elder men kept repeating what they had affirmed some time before; the younger men were discouraged and dismayed.

Positivism had to collapse, though no one expected it to lose power and distinctness so quickly. Its logic proved barren of results either in mathematics or science, though these were the subjects it was designed to clarify and even improve. The weak post-war German metaphysics, against which it had rebelled, fell of its own lack of weight. Today the systems of Whitehead and modern Thomism are sufficiently powerful and subtle to withstand the positivistic rejection of the metaphysically meaningful and true. In a series of brilliant articles published in The Thomist, Mortimer J. Adler has reopened the entire question of medieval metaphysics by means of a keen dialectic unknown in recent times. Adler, incidentally, is more concerned with precision in expression and is, interestingly enough, more precise than the most rigorous of positivists. There are in fact many points where the ideals of positivism and Thomism meet, though the Thomists defend themselves with more surety and are more aware of what their doctrines imply. A Franciscan would find considerable enjoyment in comparing the two.

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Positivism, moreover, produced few books of consequence. Some of the monographs contributed to the *International Encyclopedia of Unified Science*—for example, "The Foundations of the Theory of Signs," by C. W. Morris, and "Principles of the Theory of Probability," by Ernest Nagel (University of Chicago Press, Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 6, $1 each)—are introductory works of real pedagogical value. But the positivists put most of their energy into writing fugitive papers, to be forgotten when read. Since the movement was intolerant of the past, it failed to avail itself not only of the wisdom of the great philosophers but even of the suggestions and distinctions it had itself generated a little while before. More important philosophically, however, was the fact that it was negligent of the meaning of the passions and of the existence in men of a deep and worthy concern for truth, goodness and beauty; it thus was unable to throw any effective light on what men can and ought to do, or even account for the feeling of discouragement out of which the movement itself had grown. But historically, the most important factor in its decline was the fact that it recently came face to face with pragmatism—or rather with Dewey.

Dewey shares the positivists' faith in the virtues of scientific method; he too has an anti-metaphysical and an anti-theological bias. But his views are more flexible, more comprehensive and have more relevance to the main stream of human endeavor. Most of what remains of positivism fits rather neatly within a corner of Dewey's scheme. The nature of that scheme can be fairly well ascertained from the recently issued selections from his works—"Intelligence in the Modern World," edited by one of his most devoted students, Joseph Ratner (Modern Library, $1.25). It can also be ascertained from "John Dewey: An Intellectual Portrait," by Sidney Hook. The latter is a non-technical summary of his basic views by a distinguished disciple, published on the occasion of Dewey's eightieth birthday.

Hook handles the elementary misunderstandings and criticisms of Dewey with considerable dexterity, but seems quite unaware of the major difficulties of the philosophy. Nor are these difficulties discussed by the seventeen writers who have joined together to present their views on Dewey for his critical judgment and reply. Their essays and Dewey's answer are presented in "The Philosophy of John Dewey," edited by P. A. Schilpp (Northwestern University Press, $4). Dewey has no trouble in disposing of the criticisms neatly and completely. His reply would provide a good philosophic summary of his doctrine, were it not that one must first wade through the essays that he answers.

Dewey's limitations lie largely in the fact that he has little concern for first principles and systematic rigor, no just appreciation of the immediate perceptive power of the emotions, and seems unaware of the fact that his theory of the importance of scientific method and the meaning of society, change, value and finitude all inescapably presuppose an unexamined doctrine regarding the ultimate nature of things. Nor can he find any place for permanent, inevitable truths, logical or ethical. This last limitation is evident in his latest work, "Freedom and Culture" (Putnam's, $2). There he attempts to face the fact that the totalitarian regimes have considerable appeal. But he can find no better hope for us than the need to recognize that the question of

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how culture can be put at the service of freedom is a real problem, and that it should be treated by the use of experimental methods.

Progress in philosophy depends largely on the willingness to retreat to first principles. It is one of the evidences of the vigorous health of present-day thought that a concerted effort in this direction is now being made. One hears rumors of a number of attempts on the part of Deweyan sympathizers to get back to foundations, and to develop a naturalistic philosophy of existence and value which is alive to its need to make a clean explanation of the occurrence of necessary truths and inescapable obligations. And there is already a good indication that modern idealism, so long moribund, is about to be revived in a more plausible form.

"The Heritage of Kant," edited by G. T. Whitney and D. F. Bowers (Princeton University Press, $4.50), is a symposium of seventeen writers only a few of whom are not in the idealistic tradition. They are, for the most part, highly critical of Kant but very appreciative of the importance and solidity of his work. None of them invokes the Absolute or denies the existence of multiple particular things. About half the papers are first rate—an extraordinarily high average for a symposium. Doescher's study of Kant's ethics is, however, particularly deserving of notice as a brilliant attack on the vexing problems of the nature of responsibility, evil and freedom. . . . A transition to the philosophy of Hegel is provided by the critical, semi-Marxian book "On Hegel's Critique of Kant," by J. Maier (Columbia University Press, $1.50).

The most important, albeit swollen and undigested, philosophical work of the season is by a reformed idealist. The first half of "Language and Reality," by W. M. Urban (Macmillan, $5.50) makes an implausible defense of the thesis that language is an integral component of whatever is real. The second half, however, has the signal merit of showing how symbols and metaphors are more accurate and "literal" than the signs of ordinary language, mathematics or science. Poetry, religion and metaphysics are thus at last and once again recognized to be basic media for the expression of that which is really so. Urban neglects, however, to remark on the symbolic function of comedy. That omission is fortunately redressed by James Feibleman. His essay "In Praise of Comedy" (Macmillan, $2.75) contends that the essence of comedy consists in the criticism of existent values and the indication of others better and more durable.

The promise of American philosophy undoubtedly lies in the development and interaction of a revivified naturalism and a revivified idealism. That they are not necessarily incompatible is evident from the fact that Charles S. Peirce, the great American philosophic genius, was at once a naturalist and an idealist, an experimental scientist and a metaphysician. A number of detailed commentaries are now—a hundred years since his birth—being written on Peirce. One facet of his philosophy has just received careful analysis in "Charles S. Peirce's Empiricism," by J. Buchler (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), a solid, technical work, somewhat more difficult than the original, which shows Peirce's views to be highly pertinent to the theories dominant today.

The passing of positivism, the awakening of naturalism, the rediscovery of Peirce and the rejuvenation of idealism all point to a growing appreciation of the capacity of men to

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grasp basic truths through the heart as well as through the head. The mind has greater capacities than we have been inclined to admit, our feelings a more revealing role. Each by itself, however, is more impotent and misleading than has been acknowledged for some time. The mind can soar far beyond the here and now; but to obtain power and immediate application it requires support from what we feel. The emotions can reach beneath the surface of things, but to function for good they must be welded with what we reflectively know. If there be a single trend in all the different turns evident in recent philosophy, it is the gradual awareness of the fact that even an intellectual being cannot live by clarity alone, but that an animal becomes a man only when it clarifies what it feels by what it knows.

PAUL WEISS

Inside China

Moment in Peking, by Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Company. $3.

I HAVE ONLY a tourist's acquaintance with China, and the long novel is, to me, the least agreeable of literary forms. Yet I found this book fascinating because, like everyone else, apparently, who has ever been there, if only for a few days, I shall be fascinated for the rest of my life by China and the Chinese.

"Moment in Peking" is the story in 815 pages of the fortunes of an upper-class Chinese family, from the Boxer rebellion of 1900 until the Sino-Japanese war of the present day and, indirectly, a history of the development of China during the last thirty-eight years. If I, personally, prefer my history straight, I know that many people prefer it in story form, and Mr. Lin Yutang, like most Chinese, is a born story-teller.

The trouble about novels of this kind is that they attempt something so difficult that, to succeed, their authors must be as great as Tolstoy, and I am sure Mr. Lin Yutang, for whose non-fictional writings I have the highest admiration, will not be offended with me if I say that he lacks Tolstoy's equal mastery of the individual and the universal.

A novelist must create for us individual characters: we must feel not only that we know all about them, so that their existence is complete and perfect within the limits of the novel, but also that there has never been anyone like them before in the history of the world and that there will never be anyone like them again. It is just this combination of uniqueness and complete presentation that I miss in "Moment in Peking." Mr. Yao, the Taoist; Suyun, the unhappy "White Flower Queen"; Lifu, the young biologist; Mrs. New, the horse-faced, ambitious matriarch—they all start something, but just as they seem about to disclose their essential secret, to say or do the authentic surprising thing, their creator whisks them off the stage for a rest while Time marches on. Their individuality is not perhaps the thing that matters most to us when we meet people in ordinary life, but in a novel where they do not want anything from us, our money or our bodies or our advice—nothing, that is, except our interest—it matters very much; and no deep feelings for landscape, architecture, culture, or life just going on and on, all of which Mr. Lin Yutang has in abundance, will console us for its absence.

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Thus "Moment in Peking" seems to me to fall between two stools: read as a novel it fails to satisfy our curiosity about individuals; read as history one would like to know more details about Chinese life in general, about political ideas, social manners and actual historical events.

Since, however, if they do not absorb it through fiction, most people will learn no history at all, I hope that this book will be widely read, for its subject is one about which it is imperative that we should all know as much as possible. Written with grace and charm, it carries one along and, within the limits imposed by the form, it manages to say a good deal about a civilization which ranks beside that of France as the highest pattern of social life yet achieved by man. Moreover, it helps to explain the profound and necessary changes that civilization is undergoing under the impact of science, industrialism and the brutal attack of a low but materially powerful form of life. W. H. AUDEN

Constancia

In Place of Splendor, by Constancia de la Mora. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 433 pages. $3.

CONSTANCIA DE LA MORA was one of the Spanish women who most glowingly expressed the spirit of the civil war and the revolution to foreigners who visited Spain. She was, as Ernest Hemingway says on the cover of this book, a legend: the foreigners made her a legend. She did not speak in public or take part in political party work, and was consequently less known to the Spanish people than she was among the journalists, parliamentarians, volunteers, liberals, relief workers and (sometimes) crackpots who flocked to Spain during the civil war. It was her job to take care of the foreign press, and she did. Information, censorship, the right to use cars and to obtain gasoline, permits to visit the fronts, facilities of a dozen different kinds, were obtained from her office in the subsecretariat of propaganda, Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Most of all her own abundant energy, sometimes gay and sometimes stern, impressed the force of a remarkable personality upon those who came and went, so that she did a service to Spain merely by existing, merely by proving that such women worked and fought for the Republic.

Unlike Dolores (La Pasionaria), Constancia did not come from the working class and seems at no time to have had much acquaintance with it. She was a child of the most privileged class, a granddaughter of Don Antonio Maura, the Conservative Prime Minister, and a niece of that gentleman whom Alfonso XIII made Duke of Maura and who now represents the worthy ex-sovereign in his intrigues for restoration. The childhood and youth of this privileged being were typical of a whole culture, that of the governing clique in Madrid before the war; and the charm with which they are recounted here sets up echoes in one's mind. Constancia, educated partly in England, seems to have been dissatisfied with that culture long before her open rebellion against it. Actual revolt was tied up with the events of her personal life, her loveless marriage to a Malaga provincial, her determination to earn her own living separate from him, the scandal, and the divorce which at last became possible under the new law of the new Republic. Her political awakening dates from this time,

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and is closely associated with her love for Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros, the aviator, whom she married as soon as her divorce was granted. Hidalgo de Cisneros was head of the Spanish Republic's air force throughout the civil war; Constancia determined to do her part in the struggle, and worked at first with orphan children, afterwards with the orphans of the press.

In this memorable book she gives an account, simply and without pretense or undue emphasis, of the life which at so many points coincided with the life of millions in Spain. In that epic struggle which was the opening chapter—possibly the decisive one—in the present world war, hers is a story which at every turn suggests the general experience and yet is sharply individual, the story of one woman in love through years of war and revolution, and thus also the story of all women in love and war. It will not soon be forgotten, since, for all its simplicity, the things with which it has to deal are great things.

VINCENT SHEEAN

Man in Long Underwear

Montgomery Ward Catalogue: Winter, 1939. Chicago: Montgomery Ward and Company. 1,005 pages. Free on request.

ACCORDING to the blurb, the present edition of this pictorial digest of the American Family at work and play reaches six million homes in this country. As few best sellers attain even one-sixth of that popularity, and even these are read with considerably less diligence and devotion, it would seem that the book deserves a little more critical notice in the press than it has received. If it were published in Russia, Pravda would devote at least five complete issues to it.

It is a large book, of course, with its 1,005 pages and ten thousand or more illustrations. Like the Nonesuch Dickens it does not rest too easily in the hands. But it opens readily and, though the paper seems a little tougher than formerly, it is of good light stock with an attractive gloss. The revolutionary change from former years is in its technical make-up. The present volume, for perhaps the first time in the history of book manufacture, has been given two front covers and two separate beginnings, both running toward each other like a rip tide. They meet at the center of the volume, with page 1,005 of the index the last page of, but not in, the book.

This seemingly impossible feat in book-binding—which permits the editors to burn, so to speak, their volume at both ends—has been accomplished, not by printing half of it in Chinese and running it backwards toward the center, but by the simple expedient of dividing the book in two and binding the halves in reverse. When one has reached the center, one turns the book upside down and starts all over again. The device, it seems to me, offers most attractive possibilities in other fields. Statesmen and dictators can now fearlessly espouse two contradictory and opposing policies between the same covers of their sacred political writings. That was not, however, the purpose of Montgomery Ward and Company, whose latest volume is divided merely into the two categories of what people wear and what they use.

It was the first of these two sections—or the second, if you turn the book upside down—that chiefly attracted my

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interest. The text of it is lusher than before—particularly in the pages devoted to women's wearing apparel—with more latitude granted copywriters in the way of adjectives. "Glorious uplift," the text for 32 C 1684 reads, "in this famous 'cup-form' Brassiere for average to full pendulous busts. Inner pockets are suspended from the shoulder straps so you can adjust your bustline to beautifully high new lines. Extra diaphragm control here, too." But in the main the printing budget has kept the adjectives pretty much in the background where they belong—seen and not heard.

The illustrations themselves supply all the adjectives necessary, and it is the illustrations which at once arrest the reader's attention. In great part they are photographs, often in color, of real people. They look as if they had been taken with candid cameras, by staff photographers for Life or Look. Most of them are action shots, and if by some chance the body is caught in repose, the features never are.

There is not a dead pan in the whole catalogue. Every face is animated by some pleasurable sensation or emotion. The kiddies in their rompers and play suits, beating drums, threatening each other with cotton snowballs, mischievously blowing into harmonicas, playing blind man's buff, are ecstatic children with incredibly happy faces. The glamorous young ladies languishing in their nightgowns ("Lovely enough to dance in"), their ski suits, their streamlined roll-ons, their sleazy dance sets, their hostess gowns, slips and postilions, gaze from the pages of the catalogue with expressions that range all the way from the demure to the sultry, the frisky to the disdainful. And all with that intimate charm the candid camera has made so necessary.

But it is not until one reaches the photographs of men in underwear that the intimate portrait reaches its full flower. Compared with them the young ladies in brassières seem staid and postured. For not only are the faces of the men in underwear, particularly the men in long underwear, animated by a thousand fleeting emotions, but the men are doing things. Here are two in heavy woolens inspecting a gun stock, here are three others clad in shorts struggling playfully over another pair of shorts with a "no-tare" fly, and here is a group of three rocking with mirth over what I take to be a suggestive story.

Man, woman or child, in whatever state of intimacy the camera has caught them, they are a happy folk. No one in this world presented us by Montgomery Ward is too fat or too lean, no one shows signs of undernourishment, no one is ill clad, no one has a front tooth missing, no one has a mustache. Only one person in the entire volume is old—and what a sweet thing she is, with her cheery smile and specs too, wearing an all-virgin shawl (self-tassel in each corner). No one is unhappy, neurotic, miserable. All are gay. Yes, Miss Bourke-White, we have seen their faces too, and they all have smiles!

Yet this is not precisely accurate. There is a young man down in the left-hand corner of page 334. He is wearing long underwear and is seated quite alone on a heavy leather couch. His hair is rumpled, his brow wrinkled with lines of worry; the corners of his mouth droop, his head rests on his hand. He is not enjoying himself like his jolly friends cavorting about him in their long underwear. He is in evident distress. What is he doing? He is reading a book.

SLATER BROWN

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Two Notes

Sun and Storm, by Unto Seppänen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

SEPPANEN, born in Finland in 1904, writes with the windswept vitality of Sibelius, with the insistent note of freedom found in Knut Hamsun. As the Russian St. Petersburg-to-Helsingfors train steams across quiet Finland early in the twentieth century, it fills peasant hearts with fear—and hope. To Markku, the scream of the whistle is a challenge toward economic independence from Russia, which had long subjugated the Finnish peasants. He will chop down trees, ship the wood to Russians, and build his own farms with their hated money.

But in his eagerness Markku tramples on the personal freedom of his dependents by molding their lives to fit his purpose, and he is forced to expiate his material success by the constant realization of his human crime. This double use of the dominant theme of liberty forms a saga-type novel in which the individuality of characters is not sacrificed to the Idea. Seppänen's keen awareness of fullness in living sometimes overcrowds "Sun and Storm," yet it is a novel of lasting value, written in language of unusual beauty.

MARIA DE BLASIO

New Jersey: A Guide to Its Present and Past, compiled and written by members of the Federal Writers' Project. New York: The Viking Press. 735 pages. $2.50.

NEW JERSEY is the hot-dog stand where you stop for gasoline on the way back from Washington or Philadelphia—and happens also to be one of the most varied and beautiful of the states. Its interesting story never had been fully told and never would have been but for the Writers' Project. The guide to New Jersey must have been one of the most difficult of the series to do, and is one of the best, typifying the great virtue of all of them: eager appreciation of the merits of the state and intelligent, critical detachment. There are nineteen maps and ninety photographs.

B. D.

A Reader's List

PICTURES

RUBENS: PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS, with a Preface by R. A. M. Stevenson (Oxford, $2.50). The latest of the Phaidon Editions, that admirable series of reproductions. The Rubens is better annotated than some of the earlier volumes and contains more plates—232 in all, of which seven are extra-size folding plates and six are in color. But the photo-engravings, made in England, are not up to the standard of those formerly made in Vienna.

ABOUT PEOPLE, by William Steig (Random House, $2.50). A book of 105 drawings—all of them about people, many recognizable as such, and some completely sur-sur. Not the familiar Steig of small fry and poppa in stocking feet, but a search for the Furtive Hidden Thing: "Scare," "Nausea," "Nerves," "Affectionate Woman," "The Guileless One," "Indisputable Possession." Often acute, but not secure as an art, and more interesting about Steig himself—an everyday genius uneasy in his sleep. Once-over reading time: seven minutes.

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THE 1940 NEW YORKER ALBUM (Random House, $2.50). The year's light laughs (cartoon department) bound for the ages. This claims to be the biggest New Yorker album, but is not the best. There is a great deal of the uncomfortable fancies of Mary Petty, Whitney Darrow Jr. and R. Taylor, a little of whom can go a long way and one hopes they do. Not enough Thurber, George Price, Soglow, Arno, Gluyas Williams, of whom a lot seems like a little. But Christmas is coming, etc.

THE LAST FLOWER, by James Thurber (Harper's, $2). "A Parable in Pictures." And in a hurry. The cycle of growth and self-destruction of civilization in terms of Thurber's profound, nervous, underwater simplicities. Story: "We have been here before." Scene-by-scene mounting: No one else has. All-star. Rereading time: indefinite.

Philosophy

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF ROUSSEAU, presented by Romain Rolland (Longmans, Green, $1). Not one of the successes in this series. Rolland's fervent and excited tribute dramatizes Rousseau's career and character without greatly illuminating his vital influence. The selections from "The Social Contract" and "Emile" are too brief, and the fragment from the "Confessions" hardly hints the fascinations of that lucid psychological masterpiece.

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF NIETZSCHE, presented by Heinrich Mann (Longmans, Green, $1). Nietzsche lends himself to selection because so much of his work concentrated itself into aphoristic brilliance. In an introduction spilling over with gnomic fireworks, Heinrich Mann traces the degree of Nietzsche's responsibility for the bastard Supermen now debauching his creed, and tries to reveal the intellectual courage of his valid achievement.

Reprints and Anthologies

ANNA KARENINA, by Leo Tolstoy (Random House, $5). Two handsome volumes bound in light-gray buckram with red and gold labels; the type is good, the paper only middling. The text is that of the standard and generally satisfactory translation by Constance Garnett, with a new introduction by Thomas Mann. Philip Reisman contributes some pleasant illustrations, many of them in color.

ROYAL HIGHNESS, by Thomas Mann (Knopf, $2.50). The lightest and least known of Mann's four novels has been reissued in a binding uniform with that of the "Joseph" books. The translation, by A. Cecil Curtis, is good enough—which does not mean that it equals Mrs. Lowe-Porter's translation of the later novels. Mann himself contributes a short autobiographical preface.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., $4.75). Readers of "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" will also want to own "The Prairie Years," originally published in 1926. Here is a new two-volume edition, well bound, well printed (except for the illustrations, which have a tendency to smudge) and sold at a very moderate price.

TELLERS OF TALES, edited by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, $3.75). For your Christmas list, don't forget this collection of 100 stories, American, British, French, German and Russian. It contains 900,000 words of fair to excellent reading, at a cost of approximately $.00000416 per word.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, edited by Edward MacCurdy (Reynal and Hitchcock, $5). Contains the same text and many of the same illustrations as

Hungry Children *Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz*

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The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, maintains nine children's colonies, in and around Biarritz, France.

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the de-luxe edition published last year, but entirely reset and printed from new plates. The binding is excellent and the typography good, though the paper is much cheaper than that of the two-volume edition. A handsome Christmas present.

Fiction

A SEA ISLAND LADY, by Francis Griswold (Morrow, $3). A sober, thorough, oversize novel covering South Carolina from the Reconstruction through the 1920's. The heroine starts off wrong by being the wife of a Yankee carpetbagger. She ends up right as the widow of a Southern gentleman, after having loved and struggled and suffered enough to provide a fine part for Bette Davis. Mr. Griswold's family portraits are distinct; his clear, agreeable fluency is something of a feat for a book so long.

ASK THE DUST, by John Fante (Stackpole, $2). The author of "Wait Until Spring, Bandini" records the madness and love and heartache between a young writer and a Mexican waitress in Los Angeles. A rapt, inventive story that turns out to be less vital than the early chapters had led one to expect.

Contributors

GUENTER REIMANN, a German economist now living in New York City, is the author of "Germany: World Empire or World Revolution?" His new book, "The Vampire Economy: Business Life in the Totalitarian States," was recently published by The Vanguard Press.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

MAX LERNER is professor of Political Science at Williams College and author of "It Is Later Than You Think." His new book, "Ideas Are Weapons," was recently published by The Viking Press.

MAX GISSEN is a free-lance writer living in New York City.

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to various periodicals.

PAUL WEISS, associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, is an editor of the logical and pragmatic works of Charles Peirce. His own systematic philosophy, "Reality," was published last year by the Princeton University Press.

W. H. AUDEN, the English poet, is now living in this country. Besides three plays, written in collaboration with Christopher Isherwood, he has also written "Poems," "On This Island" and, with Isherwood, "Journey to a War."

VINCENT SHEEAN, for many years a foreign correspondent, told the story of those years in "Personal History." His more recent travels, including those in Spain, are described in "Not Peace but a Sword."

SLATER BROWN, formerly a member of The New Republic staff, is living in Patterson, New York.

MARIA DE BLASIO, a recent graduate of Smith College, is on the staff of Time magazine.

3rd Annual

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